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## RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE SCHEME OF CLEMENT MURDOCK.

The stranger turned in no little surprise at being accosted by the young man.

"Did you speak to me, stranger?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Murdock; "I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you if it is agreeable."

The stranger shot a rapid glance at the face of the young man, but he saw nothing therein to alarm him.

"Certainly," he replied, after thinking for a moment.

"This is my shanty," said Murdock, referring to the log-house, before whose door they stood. "Come in; we can talk inside without being overheard."

There was a strange expression upon the face of the other. He cast a rapid glance around him, and laid his hand upon the handle of the hunting-knife at his girdle as if he had half a mind to stab the young man—who was fumbling with the rude fastenings of the door—and then make a bold break for freedom and the woods. But the momentary glance around convinced him—that is, if he had such an idea—that to carry it out would be hopeless, for a dozen or more of the settlers were between him and the forest. So, with a muttered curse upon his ill-luck, he followed Murdock into the cabin.

Murdock produced a flask of whiskey and a couple of tin cups, and motioning his rather unwilling guest to draw near the table, he pledged him with the fragrant corn-juice.

The stranger tossed off the fiery liquor with a moody brow. He suspected that he was in a trap, and he felt far from being easy.

"Do you know that your face is strangely familiar to me?" asked Murdock, with a meaning smile.

"Indeed I that is strange," responded the other, half inclined to spring upon the young man, for he felt a strong apprehension that his disguise was penetrated.

"I think we have met before," said Murdock, with another look full of meaning.

"I don't remember ever meeting you," replied the stranger, who now almost repented that he hadn't made a bold dash for freedom when at the door.

"I feel sure that we have met," said Murdock. "How may I call your name?"

"James Benton," replied the other.

"From Virginia?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have never met a Mr. Benton," said Murdock.

"I was sure that you were in error when you said that you knew me," said the stranger, with an air of relief.

"Not as Benton, but under another name, I have met you."

"Ah!" The hand of the stranger sought the handle of his knife. The movement was not unnoticed by the keen eye of Murdock.

"Don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm," he said, quickly. "If I had wished to denounce you, there wouldn't have been any need of bringing you into my house. All that would be necessary would be to speak

your name in the middle of this station. Why, the very sticks themselves that form the stockade would rise out of the ground to seize you, to say nothing of the men."

"For whom do you take me?" asked the stranger, in a hoarse voice.

"For the man for whose body, dead or alive, the settlers on the border would give more than they would for any other man that walks the earth, be his skin white or red," replied Murdock.

The stranger glanced at him with sullen eyes.

"Be assured, however," continued the young man, "that I mean you no harm. On the contrary, I need your aid and I'm willing to pay you well for it. Come, is it a bargain?"

"You know my name?" said the stranger, slowly, without replying to the question.

"Yes, you are—," and Murdock, bending over, whispered a name in the ear of the stranger. "Am I not right?" he asked.

"Yes," said the stranger, sullenly. "But I can not understand how you penetrated my disguise."

"Particularly when it deceived Boone and a half a score more of your deadly foes, who would be almost willing to give ten years of their lives to draw a bead on you at fair rifle range."

"That is possible," replied the other, "but the bullet is not yet run that will take my life."

"If I were to call out your name from that door, a long rope and a short shift would save the bullet the trouble," said Murdock.

The stranger winced at the words.

"Don't be alarmed, I don't mean to betray you," continued Murdock. "It was an astonishing thing that I alone should penetrate your disguise and guess who you were. I never saw you but once before, either, and that was years ago. But now to business. As I said before, I need your aid, and I am willing to pay you well for it."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"There's a girl in the settlement that has rejected my advances. I don't care so much for her, but she's the heiress to a large fortune. Now, if the girl marries me, of course I get the fortune, or if she dies, I get the fortune, for I am the next heir. Now, I don't want to take the life of the girl if I can help it. I had much rather marry her; but, unfortunately, she has taken a fancy to some one else and won't listen to my suit. Now, my plan is to carry the girl off. I know a lonely cabin, now deserted, some ten miles from the station on the other bank of the Kanawha. I want the girl carried there, and the impression given to her that she is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. Then I'll pretend to follow on the trail—gain access to the cabin; offer to assist her to escape, if in reward she'll marry me. Of course she will feel grateful for the risk I run for her sake and consent. Then I'll escape with her, take her back to the settlement, and the thing is done."

"But, suppose she refuses to marry you?"

"Then she won't escape from the hands of the red-skins, but they'll kill her," said Murdock, coolly.

"And in that case, you'll come in for the property?"

"Exactly."

"The plan ought to work," said Benton, thoughtfully.

"I don't see how it can fail. I want your assistance, and I've got a fellow in the station that will help me. You two will be enough to play Indian. It won't be much trouble and very little risk, and I'll pay well for it."

"When do you want it done?" asked the stranger.

"The sooner the better," replied Murdock.

"I suppose that will suit you."

"Yes, for I'll soon have other fish to fry along the border," said the other, and a demon light gleamed from his eyes.

"Do you expect to drive the whites from the Ohio?" asked Murdock.

"No, but I'll raise such a blaze along the river, and strike such a blow that it shall be felt, even to Virginia," cried the other in a tone of fierce menace.

"It will be a bloody time," said Murdock, thoughtfully.

"Yes, blood will run like water," replied the stranger. "But, what is the name of the girl that is to be carried off?"

"Virginia Treveling."

The stranger started as though he had trodden upon a snake.

"What, the daughter of General Treveling?" he cried.

"Yes," replied Murdock, wondering at the look of fierce delight that swept over the face of the other.

"Hell's fires!" cried the other in triumph. "I'll do the job for you. I owe the father a bitter grudge. I struck him one blow, some twelve years ago, just after he wronged me. I doubt if he's forgotten or forgiven it to this day. It's about time for me to strike him another."

"Why, how did General Treveling ever wrong you?" asked Murdock, in wonder.

"I was a scout under him in Dunmore's campaign. One day he told me openly and before a dozen others, that I lied. I gave the lie back in his teeth, for I never took insult from mortal man. Then he struck me. I didn't think even for a moment that he was my superior officer; all that I knew was that I was struck—degraded by a blow. I measured him with my eye and felled him to my feet with a single stroke. Then I was seized—tried by a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to be publicly whipped in presence of the whole army, and I was whipped, too. As the lashes fell upon my naked back, and cut long quivering lines in the yielding flesh, with every lash I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Then, my punishment done—a whipped, degraded slave, a man no longer—they untied me. I sunk down at their feet almost helpless. They raised me up; I was covered with my own gore. This General Treveling—then only a colonel—looked on me, his victim, with a scornful smile—ten thousand curses on him! I was maddened with rage. I took my fist defiantly in his face, and before all I said: 'Your quarters shall swim in blood for this!'

I kept my word. I have shed white blood enough along the Ohio for me to swim in. My vengeance, too, against this man was fearful. I stole his eldest child—left it to die, in the forest. I tore his heart as his

lashes had torn my back. And now, I strike him a second time."

Murdock gazed at the rage-inflamed countenance of the dark-skinned man with a feeling akin to awe.

"It is a bargain then, between us?" the young man said.

"Yes; to get another chance at him, I'd go through the fires of hell!" the other replied.

And so the compact was made.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### BOONE IN A TIGHT PLACE.

EARNESTLY and with anxious faces the settlers discussed the chances of the coming war.

With one voice, Colonel Boone was selected as the commander of the station.

Messengers were dispatched to warn the neighboring settlements.

Then Boone, taking Kenton and Lark aside, suggested that they should make a scout into the Shawnee country and discover if possible against which settlement the Indian attack would be directed.

The suggestion suited well with the bold and daring spirit of the border, and both Kenton and Lark gladly expressed their willingness to accompany the skillful and daring woodsman.

Boone gave Jackson a hint as to his intention, and then the three left the settlement and entered the forest, heading toward the Ohio.

Reaching the river, Lark drew from a little tangled thicket near the river's bank, a canoe. He had previously hidden it there when he had crossed the Ohio on his way from the Shawnee country to Point Pleasant.

By means of the canoe the three crossed the river. On the northern bank they concealed the canoe in a thicket, and then, striking to the north-west toward the Scioto river, they plunged into the wilderness and took the trail leading to the villages of the Shawnee nation.

On through the tangled thickets went the three rangers, all their senses on the alert to discover traces of the hostile red-skins.

After many a weary hour's march, the three came near to the village of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

Then they proceeded with increased caution. As yet they had not seen a single trace that denoted the presence of the Shawnees.

The scouts were now within some two miles of Chillicothe, where Ke-ne-ha-ha's village was located.

Then Boone called a halt.

"Now, boys," said the leader, "we are nigh to the red devils, and we must be careful or we'll stumble upon some of 'em afore we know it. I think our best plan is to find some hiding-place to serve for a headquarters, and then, separately, after dark, we'll scout into the village, and maybe we'll be able to discover some of the plans of the red varmints."

"I know just the place for us," said Lark.

"We're nigh it, too."

Then Lark piloted the way through the forest—the three had been standing by the bank of the Scioto—and at last halted by a huge oak tree, at the base of which grew a tangled mass of bushes.

"Hyer's the spot," said Lark, pointing to the place.

"Whar?" asked Boone, who could not perceive any hiding-place except it was in the branches of the oak.

"Hyer."

Then Lark parted the tangled bushes with his hand. Boone and Kenton saw that the trunk of the oak was hollow. It contained a cavity, fully large enough to afford a secure refuge to the three, and the bushes closing behind them after they had entered the hollow oak completely concealed them from sight.

"This hyer is an old hidin'-place o' mine," said Lark, as they stood within the hollow.

"I discovered it one day when I shot a bar nigh hyer. The bar made for this bit of bush. He had his den in this very tree-trunk. I follered him up an' that's the way I discovered it."

The shade of night was now fast descending upon the earth, and darkness was veiling in the forest and river with its inky mantle.

"Now we'll scout into the village," said Boone; "we'll meet hyer ag'in in the mornin'—that is, if the savages don't capivate us."

"Agreed," responded the two others, and then all three left the hollow oak.

With a silent pressure of the hand they separated, each one picking out a path for himself, but all tending in the direction of the village of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The three hunters had been gone some ten minutes, when a dark form stood by the oak.

He plunged his eyes carefully into the darkness that surrounded him, as if fearful of being watched.

At last, apparently satisfied that no human eye looked upon his movements, carefully and cautiously he separated the bushes in front of the oak, and entered the hollow space within the tree. The bushes closed with scarce a rustle behind him.

The insects of the night who had been disturbed and awed to silence by the tread of the light foot, that prowled so cautiously along the dim aisles of the forest, began again their nocturnal cries.

The tree-toads cried, and the crickets chirruped. The air seemed full of life. The owl—the minion of the night—came forth from his perch in the tree-trunk. The young

moon, too, rising, cast its silver sheen over the forest.

Then again, suddenly, the voices of the night sunk into silence, for, forth from the hollow of the oak, that the three daring scouts had selected for their rendezvous, came the dark figure that but a few minutes before with stealthy step had stolen beneath the leafy branches. It was evident that the secret of the hollow tree was known to another than the scouts.

Cautiously through the forest stole the dark form. The tree-toad hushed its cries; the cricket noiselessly crept to its hole; the owl peered forth from its cavity in the tree-trunk, and then, with its great eyes shining with fear, shrunk back within the darkness of its lair, when it caught sight of the dark form that so silently glided amid the trees.

On went the dark form through the forest. All living things seemed to shrink from it in horror.

The moonbeams slanting down and tingling the green of the forest top with rays of silvery light, fell upon the figure as it glided through a little opening in the woods.

The moonbeams defined the figure of a huge, gray wolf, who walked erect like a man, and who had the face of a human. The dark form held in its paw an Indian tomahawk.

The moonbeams were gleaming upon the Wolf Demon, the terrible scourge of the Shawnee tribe.

On through the forest went the hideous form, almost following in the footsteps of the scout, Kenton, who had little idea of the terrible creature that lurked behind him.

Boone had selected the bank of the river as his pathway to the village of the Indians.

Carefully the ranger proceeded onward. As he approached near to the Shawnee village, he could hear the sound of the Indian drums and the war-cries of the warriors.

From the sounds Boone easily guessed that the Indians were preparing for the war-path.

Boone reached the edge of the timber. Before him lay the village of his deadly foes.

A huge fire was burning before the council-lodge in the center of the village, and the warriors were dancing around it.

"Look at the red devils!" muttered Boone, who from the convenient shelter afforded by a fallen tree, just on the edge of the timber, could easily watch the scene before him. "They're pantin' to redder their knives in the blood of the whites."

Then the scout counted the Indians, who were dancing around the fire, and the others who were either watching the scalp-dance, or lounging leisurely around the village. The number of the red-men astonished the borderer.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered, "that's a 'tarnal heap of them. I judge that they'll take the war-path soon."

Then a squaw, with a gourd in her hand, evidently going to the river for water, left the village and came directly toward the spot where Boone was concealed.

The alarm of the hunter was great.

"Dod rot the luck!" he muttered, in disgust, "why on yearth don't she go straight to the drink, cuss her! She'll come plumb down on me if she keeps on, an' then she'll raise the village with her squalls."

The squaw, who was quite a young girl, and very handsome, came directly on toward the ambush of the spy.

Then Boone saw that she was followed by one of the Indian braves.

The great hunter began to feel extremely nervous. In truth, unless the squaw changed her course, his position was one of real peril.

"They'll lift my ha'r if that blamed squaw diskivers me, sure," he muttered, in consternation.

The girl paused for a moment.

The heart of the scout beat quick with hope.

"Now go to the river, you damned red-skin," he said. "It is hardly necessary to remark that the observation was not intended to reach the ears of the girl."

But, the squaw hadn't any intention of going to the river. The gourd carried in her hand was simply an excuse to leave her wigwam.

When the girl found that the young brave—whom in reality she had stolen forth to meet—was following her, she continued on her course, which led directly to the fallen tree, behind which Boone was concealed.

"Oh, cuss the luck!" he muttered, in despair, "I wish she was at the bottom of the Scioto. If she diskivers me thar'll be a row. I'm in for it, like a treed coon."

The girl, now satisfied that her lover had seen her leave the wigwam, and conscious that he understood her motive, approached the tree and sat down upon the trunk.

The young brave carelessly, so as not to excite the attention of the other Indians, if any of them had chanced to see him, strolled toward the thicket. Reaching it, concealed by the shadow cast by the forest line, he took a seat upon the fallen tree by the side of the squaw.

Boone hardly dared to breathe, lest he should betray his presence to the twain. The scout was in a trap from which he saw no escape.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### LOVE AND HATE.

HARVEY WINTHROP had been the guest of the old General some three days, and during those three days, he had discovered that he loved the fair girl, Virginia, whose life he had saved, and he had reason to believe from her manner toward him that she was not indifferent to that love.





Our hero determined to learn the truth. He was not one of those who believed that it needed years to foster and ripen love. Within his heart he felt that he loved Virginia with a pure and holy passion. He was sure that he could not have loved her any better if he had known her all his life.

Virginia guessed that she was loved by the young man—what girl does not guess when she is loved? and, perhaps, willing to give him a chance to declare that love, she suggested an excursion to the ravine where she had been rescued from the bear by him.

Gladly Winthrop announced his willingness to accompany her.

So the two set out for the ravine. They passed down through the station and took the trail leading up the Kanawha.

As they walked onward, chatting gayly together, they had no suspicion that they were closely followed by three men, who, holding a consultation together on the edge of the timber, had noticed them as they passed.

Leaving the trail, the girl and the young man walked into the ravine.

The three men who had followed them so closely, paused at the entrance to the gorge apparently to consult together.

"The fellow is her lover, as I guessed," said the foremost of the three, the one who had been the most eager to follow the two.

"It looks like it," said the taller of the two others, who was the dark-skinned stranger, who had called himself Benton. The third one of the party was a worthless fellow who hung about the station, ready to drink "corn-juice" when he could get it, and fit for but little else. He was known as Bob Tison.

"I'd gi'n him a load of buckshot if he came arter my gal!" said Bob, who was somewhat given to boasting.

"Perhaps I may," replied Murdock, who was the leader of the party. He spoke with an angry voice, and a lowering cloud was upon his sallow face.

"If the young fellow was out of the way, this would be a good opportunity to try the Indian's game," said Benton, suggestively.

"If it was me, I'd put him out of the way, mighty doggoned quick!" exclaimed Bob, who seldom lost an opportunity of telling what he would do.

"For the first time in your life, Bob, you've said a wise thing," said Murdock.

"For the first time?" cried Bob, in indignation. "Wal, I reckon now, I don't take a back seat to any man in the station."

"In drinking whisky? No, you don't, to do you justice," said Murdock, sarcastically. "But, Benton, can you fix up for the Indian now?"

"Yes, easily enough," replied the one addressed. "I've got the pigment to paint our faces with in my pouch. Just lend me your hunting-shirt, and take my coat."

"How about your hair?"

"Tie a handkerchief over it, nigger fashion," suggested Bob.

"Yes, that will do," said Murdock.

"The girl will be so frightened that she won't be apt to notice you much. Tie a handkerchief over her eyes the moment you grab her."

"And the young feller?" asked Bob.

"Leave him to me," and Murdock tapped the butt of his rifle significantly.

"And you'll leave him to the wolves, eh?" said Bob, with a grin.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Murdock, dryly.

"But the report of the rifle—if it should be heard at the station—"

"A hunter after game, that's all," said Murdock. "But come, let's tree our game; I have an idea that there'll be a love-scene between the two up the ravine, and I'd like to be a looker-on." Murdock ground his teeth together at the very thought.

So, cautiously and slowly, the three left the little trail by the banks of the Kanawha, and followed in the footsteps of Virginia and Winthrop up the ravine.

The girl and the young man reached the spot where the encounter with the bear had taken place, and there they halted.

The quick eye of the girl caught sight of the drops of blood dried upon the rock, where the bear had fallen and died.

"See," she said, pointing to the spots upon the rock; "but for you, my blood would have stained the stone instead of the brute's."

"And but for that strange girl who came so aptly to my rescue, my blood might have been there, too," said Winthrop.

"It was a moment of terrible peril," and Virginia half-shuddered at the bare remembrance.

"Yes; but it was evidently not your fate to die by the claws and teeth of the bear."

"What will my fate be?" said the girl, reflectively.

"A bright and happy one, I hope," replied Winthrop. "I am sure that you deserve none other."

"Ah!" said the girl; "but we do not always get our deservings in this world." And as she spoke, she sat down upon a rock that cropped out of the ground and looked up into the face of the young man with her clear, bright eyes. In his heart, Winthrop thought that he had never seen such clear, innocent eyes before.

"You should get yours," replied Winthrop, "or else there isn't any justice in this world."

"I hope so," said Virginia, half-sadly.

"How beautiful the forest is!" said the young man, glancing around him; but, in his heart, he thought the fair girl at his side was far more beautiful than any of her surroundings.

"How do you like our home by the banks of the Ohio?" asked Virginia.

"So well, that I think that the rest of my life will be spent in yonder settlement," replied Winthrop, quickly.

"Oh, I am so glad of that!" The tone of the girl showed that the words came directly from her heart. A warm flush came over the face of the young man as the words fell upon his ears.

"I am glad to hear you say that!" The earnest tone of Winthrop told the girl that her suspicion was truth. She was loved.

"You are?" murmured Virginia, in a low tone. She felt that the words that she wished to hear—for she loved the man that had risked his life for her so nobly—would soon be spoken.

"Yes, I am; can you guess why?" The voice of Winthrop trembled as he spoke.

Virginia glanced up shyly in the face of the young man, then dropped her eyes to earth again. She did not answer.

Encouraged by her silence, Winthrop spoke:

"Virginia, I have known you but a few days, but I feel as if I had known you all my life. I have never met any one in the world that I have liked as I do you—that I love as I do you; for, Virginia, I love you with my whole heart."

Virginia hung her head; her glances shyly swept the ground. She did not reply.

"You are not offended at my words, Virginia?" he said, earnestly.

"No—no," she replied, slowly, looking up in his face with a half-smile.

Winthrop guessed the truth in the soft eyes that looked so lovingly into his own.

"Virginia, may I hope that some day you will learn to love me?" Winthrop asked, with eager hope patent in his voice.

Virginia Treveling was a truthful woman, and so she answered truthfully:

"No, not learn to love you, Harvey, for I do love you, already!"

A moment more, and the head of the fair young girl was pillowed on the manly bosom of her lover.

Oh! the flood of joy that came over the soul of the young man, when he discovered that the love that he wished so to gain was all his own. That the heart now beating so fondly against his breast was devoted to him, and to him alone.

"Virginia, you do love me, then?" he asked.

"Yes," she murmured, softly.

"You will be my wife?"

"Yes."

"You will be mine, then, forever and forever?"

The young man gently raised the little head that nestled so snugly on his breast. Virginia understood the movement, and anticipated the wish of her lover. With a shy smile upon her face, and a coy look in her dark-brown eyes, she gave her lips up to her lover's caress.

The lips of the lovers met in a long, lingering kiss—the first proof of love, so dear to all hearts. Lip to lip, and soul to soul.

Virginia Treveling gave herself to Harvey Winthrop.

A moment only the lovers remained in each other's arms.

Then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the summer air.

With a groan of anguish, Winthrop reeled from the fond embrace of the young girl. He clutched wildly at the air, and then fell heavily on his side upon the rocky surface.

With a shriek of terror, Virginia knelt by the side of her lover.

The shriek of the young girl was answered by the shrill war-whoop of the Indian.

Forth from their covert in the thicket sprang two painted braves, and rushed with eager haste toward the young girl.

Virginia did not try to fly. Her senses were chilled to numbness by the fall of the man who but the moment before had pressed the warm love-kiss upon her willing lips.

Eagerly the two that came from the thicket seized the girl. With a moan of anguish, she fell fainting into their arms. The bird was in the net.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

## The Heart of Fire: OR, MOTHER vs. DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXII.

A MIRACULOUS APPEARANCE.

LURIE sat in her richly-furnished chamber. All the comforts that money could purchase or taste devise surrounded her. She had reached the goal of her ambition, and yet she was far from being happy.

One thing she lacked and that was peace of mind.

"Oh! how I hate these golden chains," she murmured. "I almost wish that I was free, even though the gratification of

that wish would give me back again to poverty and want. I have now all that money can procure, but I want something more. I crave the love of Edmund Kelford. I am sure he likes me. I am sure that I can make him love me if I but try my powers upon him. But I am this old man's wife. Oh! if I were but free!" Deep and earnest came the wish from her lips.

"Let me not despair. If I can but make Edmund love me, I am sure that I can find some way to escape from the bonds that bind me to Captain Middough. But, Kelford is in love with this young girl, Pearl. He must forget her. She herself aids my plan by repulsing him. It is strange what an impression her eyes made upon me. When I looked into her face I saw the eyes of my mother, saw them as clearly as if that mother had stood before me. If I can not win my idol while this girl is in the way, she must be removed. When she is gone he will forget her. Absence conquers love, they say; but, sometimes, the truth is, that it strengthens it. But that is the pure, the holy love that I can not feel. The passion that fills my breast comes from a heart of fire. It is so fierce that in time it destroys itself. Oh, how my heart rejoiced when I read the news that told me that Bertrand Tasnor was dead. He alone in all this world I feared, and now he sleeps peacefully beneath the dark waters. His cold, cruel nature will no more work me harm. It was a strange chance that brought him in contact with me after we had been separated so many years. Now I breathe freely."

A knock sounded on the door; then, in obedience to Lurie's words, a servant entered.

"A gentlemen wishes to see you, Mrs. Middough," said the servant.

"Who is it?" asked Lurie.

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Did he not give his name?"

"No, ma'am; I asked him for it, but he said that he was a stranger to you, and that you would not know it."

"And he wishes to see me?" asked Lurie, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am, on very particular business, so he said."

"There must be some mistake. It is probably Captain Middough that he wishes to see."

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the servant, quickly. "Because I asked him if he didn't wish to see Mr. Middough and he said no; that it was you he wished to see. He's a rather roughly-dressed man, and I thought it might be some one from the captain's boat."

A strange presentiment of danger filled Lurie's heart, as the words of the servant fell upon her ears. She could not guess what any roughly-dressed man should wish to see her for.

"Where is he?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"In the parlor, ma'am," the servant replied. "I told James to keep an eye on him and see that he didn't walk off with any thing."

"I suppose I had better go and see who it is."

With many a strange fear in her heart—though why she should fear, she could not tell—Lurie descended the stairs.

She entered the brilliantly lighted parlor.

A man roughly-attired sat in a cushioned arm-chair with his back to her, gazing out of the window.

A single glance Lurie gave, and then the hard lines appeared at the corners of her eyes and mouth; the demon light sparkled in her eyes; the little white hands clenched together till the blood almost started from the quick of the nails.

In one glance she had recognized the stranger.

Hearing her footfall on the carpet—light and almost noiseless as it was—the stranger wheeled around in his chair and displayed the handsome face of Bertrand Tasnor.

"Living!" Lurie gasped, with a stony glance, as though she wished with her eyes to strike him dead. But, Bertrand Tasnor had seen those eyes before; he was not easily appalled.

With a quiet smile he looked upon the white face of the angry woman. The angel had vanished from the woman's features, and the tiger reigned therein. The eyes were flashing living fires.

"Am I alive?—I believe you intended the exclamation for a question—well, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am," he said, slowly, and with quiet sarcasm. "But, why should you suppose me dead?"

Lurie did not answer the question, but stood and looked upon Bertrand with the passionate eyes that could look so fond with love, and were now glaring so fierce with hate.

"Is it possible that you have heard of the loss of the 'Lake Bird'? Is it possible that you knew that I was a passenger on board of that ill-fated vessel? I can not understand how you could know this, unless you set a spy to dog my footsteps when I left the hospitable shelter of the Kankakee House. Did you do so?" And Bertrand laughed—a quiet, silent laugh as he put the question.

As before, the girl did not reply. Bertrand's presence seemed to chill her into stone.

"You will not be questioned, eh?" said Bertrand, after a pause. "Then I'll an-

swer for you. You did set a spy to watch my footsteps. It was a wonderful interest for you to take in an utter stranger." And, as he spoke, he watched her face keenly with his cold, glittering eyes. But, the face of Lurie was as pale as marble. No change was there; one expression only—fierce, determined hate.

"You do not deny, I see, that I am a stranger to you?"

"No," Lurie said, mechanically, and even to herself her voice seemed strange and hard as she spoke.

"You do not deny it, and yet I'll wager that your memory is as good as mine," Bertrand said, with bitter emphasis. Lurie did not seem to heed either the tone or the words.

"You thought me dead—you need not answer for I am sure of it. Therefore, when I entered the doors of the Kankakee House, a few nights ago, I must have seemed to you more like one risen from the tomb than a living man. I read the truth in your face—you know I am good at reading faces—and yours to me was like the pages of an open book. Then, conscious that I was living, you sought to discover if I had remembered you as you had remembered me. You discovered that my memory was not treacherous, and that you still lived in it, in glowing colors. You resolved to deal me a blow that should forever remove me from your path. Ah, Lurie! few, to look at you, would guess that with the face of an angel you possessed the heart of a devil. But, I knew you—knew you of old. I guessed that you would seek my life, and I guarded against the attack. Then, in the morning, when I left the house, I detected that you had placed a spy upon me. I resolved to humor you in the belief that you could put a watch upon me without my being conscious of it. So I let your spy follow me. I took passage on the 'Lake Bird.' I wished you to have the idea that I was going far from Chicago. I wanted you to think yourself free. It was my game to have you marry this old man. I was afraid that if I remained in Chicago, you would not dare to do it. I sailed in the 'Lake Bird.' Your spy reported the fact. You believed—foolish woman—that I had forgotten the past—I, who never yet was known to forget or forgive! You thought yourself safe from all harm from me, and married this wealthy Middough. Had I had the chance to have spoken three words in the old captain's ear, he would have sooner wedded a fiend from the fires below than you! As I have said, you married, and even while your head was pillowed on your husband's breast—while your passionate kisses were on his lips—the 'Lake Bird' was in the embrace of the fire-fiend. Far from land, on the broad bosom of the water, the red flames held their sway. Do you know what a terrible thing it is to be on board of a ship on fire—to choose between a death by fire or a death by water—to be burnt up or to be drowned—no chance for life? The strong man, the weak woman and the nursing infant, all with the same dreadful fate staring them in the face?"

"And yet you escaped?" cried Lurie, from between the white clenched teeth.

"Yes, I escaped; that I am here now is ample proof of that," replied Bertrand.

"But, can you guess how I escaped?"

"No," said Lurie, sullenly.

"I didn't go in the 'Lake Bird,'" said Bertrand, with a cool, quiet smile.

"What?" gasped Lurie.

"I thought that I had better remain in Chicago and look after your fortunes. I had a presentiment that you would rise in the world, and I knew that you would not forget your old friends, particularly a friend like myself, who was once so near and dear to you. So, after we swung out into the stream, and I saw your spy depart—of course completely satisfied that I was bound for the pines of Mackinaw—I concluded that I had better get off. The boat made a landing just the other side of State street bridge and I seized the opportunity to depart. I had previously discovered that the boat would land there, and I thought that my device would be successful in throwing you off your guard, as it proved. Now, Lurie, what is it to be—peace or war?"

"I do not understand your meaning," said the girl, slowly.

"Oh, I do not speak plain enough, eh?" said Bertrand, in his usual cool way. "I will remedy that error, and speak plainer. Just look at me."

It was hardly necessary to tell Lurie to look at him, for the girl had not taken her glittering eyes from his face for a single moment.

"Don't you perceive a change in my personal appearance?" he asked. "I don't mean in my face, for that has changed of course. Many a rough day's work and many a wild night's carouse have left their indelible marks upon my features. Once my face was as white as yours; now it is browned almost to the hue of the Indian. But the heart, Lurie, in my breast is still the same."

"But to return to my subject. The change I speak of is in my attire; look at it. What do I look like? A countryman from the backwoods? Yes, that's more like it. Lurie, I am in desperate circumstances; I want money."

"That is a very common want," the girl said, slowly.

"That is very true," replied Bertrand, cheerfully. "You have felt that want—

felt it very recently, too, or you never would have married this old man."

"How do you know?" demanded Lurie.

"Dah!" cried Bertrand, contemptuously; "do not try to deceive me; you will but waste your time, and gain nothing by it. I know you as well as you know yourself. You have not changed, one particle in eighteen years. You are still the same fiery-hearted woman. I know that you can not love this old man. You have married him for his money. I do not blame you. Money is a very good thing to have in this world. One does not discover how really valuable it is until he feels the want of it. With money, one is a king; without it, a beggar. Now I am a beggar, but soon, with your help, I will be a king!"

"With my help?" cried Lurie, anger flaming up in her scintillant eyes.

"Yes, with your help," repeated Bertrand, tauntingly. "Your husband, the old lake-captain, is rich, Lurie. I must have some of his money."

"Never with my aid!" Lurie cried.

"I want about five thousand dollars."

"From me?"

"Yes."

"You are dreaming!"

"No, you are; but you will awaken soon," Bertrand said, coolly. "Sit down and listen to me. Let me tell you a story of eighteen years ago. How a man whose heart was of ice loved a girl whose heart was of fire."

CHAPTER XXIII.  
BERTRAND'S STORY.

For a moment Lurie looked with angry eyes into the calm, passionless face of Bertrand; then, with an impatient gesture, she sunk into a cushioned arm-chair, near which she stood.

"Why will you force me to listen to what I do not care to hear?" she cried, impatiently.

"Because I wish it," he replied, coolly. "It is necessary to speak of the past, that we may decide upon our course of action toward each other in the future. So be patient, and listen to me."

"Go on, then, since you will have it so," Lurie said, disdainfully, and letting her head sink back wearily into the soft embrace of the cushions of the chair. The golden head shone like a blaze of light in contrast to the dark green of the cushion whereon the head nestled.

"I see you do remember something of the past; you remember that I like to have my own way, and generally succeed in having it," Bertrand said, in his cool way. "But to my story. If I am wrong in any of the particulars, just correct me, please."

Lurie answered only with a disdainful look.

"To begin. In the year 1853, a man known as Joseph Casper kept a little hotel called the Chicago House, in the town of Kankakee, State of Illinois. The said Joseph Casper—as a lawyer would say—had a daughter; a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of sixteen—a girl with an angel's face. What sort of a heart she possessed, my story will probably tell. One day, in the year 1853, there came to the house of Joseph Casper a stranger from the South. He was a young lawyer from Little Rock, Arkansas. He had killed a scion of one of the first families of 'the Rock' in a duel, and had been forced to fly for his life. Chance brought him to the town of Kankakee; chance led him to the hotel of Joseph Casper, and thus threw him into the society of Casper's young and blooming daughter. This stranger was named Bertrand Tasnor. He was a young, dashing, good-looking fellow—or, at least, all the women said that he was. It was not wonderful that Lurie—so Casper's daughter was called—should fall in love with the handsome stranger, or he with her. Two hearts of fire, a single spark ignited them, and the hot blaze of love sprang up. It was not long before the two came to an understanding. Tasnor was not bashful by nature, and Lurie would have wooed him if he had not laid siege to her. So far, all was straight and clear. Bertrand loved Lurie, Lurie loved Bertrand. Now all that remains to do is to unite the two, and the story is finished. They were married, and lived happily ever afterward. But stop! the story I am telling had a different ending. There was an obstacle in Bertrand and Lurie's path to happiness. Bertrand had a wealthy rival—an old German, a friend of Lurie's father. Old Casper favored his suit, and as he was a surly and determined man by nature, the lovers knew full well that he would never consent to their marriage. There was but one course open—to fly together, and seek afar that bliss that was denied them at home."

"The elopement was cunningly planned and cleverly carried out. Bertrand paid his bill and left the house in the morning. That very night Lurie fled and joined her lover. No one suspected that the two had gone together."

"Bertrand and Lurie came to Chicago, and there they were married. For one single month alone they tasted of the cup of joy; then the honey lost its sweetness, little by little. The fire was too intense to burn with a steady flame. Bertrand, too, was really cold and heartless by nature. He soon tired of the warm caresses of the girl who had forsaken home, friends, all, for him. You see I do not spare him. I





am speaking truth. The girl, too; her nature was not one capable of feeling the pure and holy love that makes married life happy. The two were totally unsuited for each other. Their natures were too much alike for them ever to live together and be happy. It did not take them long to discover this. The wild dream of happiness soon came to an untimely end, and they faced stern reality.

"Bertrand, besides, did not prosper in the world. He had attempted to practice his profession in Chicago, but briefs were few and far between for the unknown lawyer. And Lurrie, the wife, instead of standing with him, shoulder to shoulder, like the Highlanders of old, and battling like a true woman against the adverse fortune that was crushing them so heavily to the earth, unnerved the spirits of Bertrand by unceasing regrets and unavailing complainings.

"At last, Bertrand grew to curse the very hour when he had first looked upon the face of the beautiful girl whose heart had more of the devil in it than the human. He was not slow, either, to tell Lurrie his thoughts. The hot, passionate love changed into deadly hate.

"Then a child was born—a baby girl. Bertrand felt no pride in his child. It was only another weight hung about his shoulders. Hard fortune was making him desperate.

"Some six months after the child was born, a terrible quarrel took place between the husband and wife. Bertrand spoke his mind freely. He told the beautiful angel that she had the heart of a devil, and that he wished that he had never seen her. Maddened at his words, Lurrie struck at him with a knife. The keen-edged weapon laid open his breast, but 'twas a mere flesh-wound, and not dangerous. Angered beyond measure—all the evil in his nature roused to action—Bertrand, with the butt of his revolver, struck the woman to his feet. It was a heavy blow, given with all the force of his powerful arm. There at his feet lay the woman whom he had once loved so well; the being that he had sworn to love, cherish and protect. The blood was streaming freely from a fearful gash on her head. The golden hair was stained a darker hue with crimson gore. Believing that he had killed her, Bertrand fled. He left his child to the mercy of the world. This man's heart was of ice; he cared for no one but himself. You see I do not attempt to make an angel out of him.

"Years passed on. Bertrand, battling with the world, heard nothing of the wife and child that he had deserted. He concluded that both were dead. Seventeen years after these events, Bertrand found himself again in Chicago. He was a ruined, desperate man. The world had gone ill with him. Three times had he won a fortune, three times had he lost it. Nothing seemed to prosper with him in the end. A curse was apparently upon his life. Whenever the cup of fortune was raised to his lips, some powerful stroke dashed it down again to earth. He thought that it was a judgment for the death of the girl that he had once loved so madly. Judge of his surprise, then, when accident revealed to him that she was living.

"She is now rich. Can she fail to aid the man that she once loved so dearly? Of course not—particularly, as it is very probable, unless she finds some means to stop the tongue of Bertrand, that he will talk."

"And what will he say?" asked Lurrie, an ominous light shining in the large blue eyes.

"What will he say?" repeated Bertrand, as if in astonishment. "What do you think he will be likely to say?"

"I do not know, nor do I care," said Lurrie, contemptuously.

"Oh, you do not?" and Bertrand laughed as he spoke; but there was a hidden menace in his laughter. "I'll tell you what he will say. He will tell the world that Mrs. Captain Middough, formerly Miss Lurrie Casper, is the wife of Bertrand Tasnor."

"And how will that hurt me?"

"Do you think that your husband, the old captain, will like it when he hears that the charming young flower that he picked up in the delightful locality known as Wells street, is a married woman, and that, instead of being a girl of eighteen, she is a woman of thirty-four?"

"He will not believe you!" Lurrie cried, impetuously.

"I can easily prove to him that I speak the truth."

"Even if he does believe you, the fact will not change his love for me."

"Perhaps not; but when I exert the rights that the law gives me, and take you from him, it will be apt to make you uncomfortable if it does not affect him," Bertrand said, coolly.

"Take me from him!" cried Lurrie.

"Yes, I am your husband, am I not? We have not been divorced, even though we are living in Chicago. You should have looked out for that, Lurrie. You should have cut free from me before you tied yourself to him. You are very much married, Lurrie, now, having two husbands."

"You can not prove our marriage!"

"Yes I can. The minister is in Chicago; I saw him the other day. How would you like to figure in a police-court on a charge of bigamy?"

Lurrie was puzzled. She had had an

idea that the lapse of years had annulled her first marriage, yet she was not sure.

"What do you demand of me?" she asked.

"What all the world wants—money."

"How much?"

"That depends upon circumstances. I suppose you wish all the secrets of the past to be kept still as secrets?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is difficult for me to fix upon a price for my silence. Of course I want all I can get. I have it! Allow me a yearly income; say, two thousand dollars per year. Divide it into monthly parts."

"How long will you give me to think over this?"

"Just five minutes," Bertrand answered, laconically.

"Then, without waiting for five minutes, I refuse," said Lurrie, rising, spiritedly.

Bertrand's brows contracted. He saw that he had overshot the mark.

"You refuse?" he said.

"Yes, if you force me to answer now. If you will give me time to think it over, and I find that I am fully in your power, I will give you what you ask."

For a moment Bertrand was silent. He knew full well that he had no very strong hold upon Lurrie, and he thought it better not to push her to the wall.

"Well, I will give you time; say until this time to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Yes," Lurrie answered, and a peculiar light shone in her eyes as she spoke. Bertrand's keen eyes noted the gleam. He guessed what was passing within her mind.

"She is thinking of some way to outwit me," he muttered to himself. "Thinking of some new blow to aim at me, but I bear a 'charmed life,' like Macbeth. I will put my wits against hers any day and will not fear for the result."

"Come to-morrow, at this same hour, and you shall have my answer," she said.

"Very well, be it so; but, Lurrie, I want some money now!"

"How much?"

"Oh, but a trifle; fifty dollars or so."

"I have forty here in my wallet; will that do?"

"Yes," he answered.

Lurrie took out her pocket-book and counted the bills into his hand.

As she did so, her fingers touched his; he seized the little hand and held it, lightly, within his own broad palm.

"To think, Lurrie," he said, "that this little white hand could deal such fearful blows—that this soft palm could grasp a dagger and drive it to a man's heart! Do you know, Lurrie, that I bear on my breast to this day the scar caused by the wound that you gave me?"

"And if you will part the curls on my head you will find there the terrible scar where you struck me with your revolver," she said.

"Marks of affection from the husband to the wife," he cried, with a laugh.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

BERTRAND MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"AND NOW I suppose our interview is ended, is it not?" demanded Lurrie.

"Yes, but there is one question more that I should like to ask. Our child, Lurrie, what ever became of it?"

"I do not know," said Lurrie, sadly.

"You do not know?" said Bertrand, in astonishment.

"No. I was forced to abandon it. You left me here in Chicago, without money, without friends. What could I do with a helpless infant?" she asked, bitterly.

"You might have taken it home to your father."

"Yes, and have every one believe that it was the child of shame. No, that I could not bear. I found what I thought would be a home for my infant. In that home I left it. I said that I abandoned it, but I did not, for I intended some day to return and claim my child again."

"And why did you not?"

"I did, but I could find no trace of the woman in whose care I left my babe. She had left Chicago and taken my infant with her. You think that I am cold and heartless, Bertrand; perhaps I am; but, as there is a heaven above, I loved my child with all a mother's love. Many a night have I wept myself to sleep, thinking and mourning for my lost baby."

"And all clue to the child then is lost?"

Bertrand said, musingly.

"Yes," Lurrie answered, sadly.

"If she were lying she would now be a girl of sixteen."

"Yes, but I do not think that she is living. Something tells me that she is dead."

"What was the name of the woman with whom you left the child?" Bertrand asked.

"Cavendish; she was an English woman. Do you not remember? She had apartments right above the ones that we occupied."

"Oh, I do remember," said Bertrand, after a pause. "Do you know I have a strange curiosity to discover whether our child is living or dead?"

"Search is useless. If I, urged onward by a mother's love, have failed, it is not likely that you will succeed."

"Perhaps not; yet I shall try. I should remember the face of the woman at once. I've a wonderful memory for faces, although a very bad one for names."

Bertrand rose to depart.

"To-morrow you will come again?" she asked.

"Yes, to receive your answer; to decide whether it is to be peace or war between us. If you are wise, Lurrie, you will not make a foe of me."

A scornful smile appeared around the corners of the girl's mouth as he spoke.

Bertrand passed from the room.

Leaving Lurrie to her reflections, which were far from being pleasant, we will follow Bertrand.

As he passed from the parlor into the entryway, he heard the rustle of a woman's dress.

"By Jove!" he cried to himself, "that sounds as if some one had been listening to our conversation. If the secret is in possession of any one else, it won't be worth much to me."

Then, from the darkness of the other end of the entry, a woman came toward him.

As she came into the glare of the gas-light, Bertrand could not repress a start.

The quick eye of the woman noticed the movement, and with her fingers on her lips, motioned silence.

Bertrand was amazed. He had recognized an old acquaintance!

"Follow me," said the girl, cautiously.

Without a word, Bertrand followed.

The girl led the way into a small room at the end of the hall; then, after they had entered, she carefully closed the door.

"Now we can speak freely."

"Aimée, is it possible that it is you?" exclaimed Bertrand, in wonder.

"Yes," replied the waiting-maid, for it was Aimée who had appeared so mysteriously.

"What are you doing in this house?"

"I am Mrs. Middough's maid," said the girl, with mock humbleness.

"You are?"

"Yes. Quite a change isn't it from the time when my father kept the wine-store on the west side, and you used to come there—used to drink my father's wine and make love to my father's daughter?"

"What has caused such a change in your circumstances?"

"My father died suddenly. I was poor. I could not carry on his business. I was forced to do something or starve. I am happy now."

"And yet you are a servant?"

"We are all servants in this world; if not to one another, then to something else. You are a servant now, Monsieur Bertrand, and poverty is a hard master," said the girl, meaningly.

"Oh, you have overheard—"

"All that passed between you and my mistress, yes. 'I am very curious,' said the girl, with a light laugh.

"Then you know the hold I have upon this woman?"

"Which isn't any hold at all, unless she is frightened into thinking that you have one."

"You're a shrewd girl, Aimée! you reason sagely," Bertrand knew full well that she spoke the truth.

"Yes, but suppose that I tell you something by which you may be able to bow her to your will?" said the girl, a wicked look in her dark eyes.

"You know something then that I do not?"

"Yes, something that no one else except myself does know."

"Concerning this woman who was once my wife?"

"Yes."

"And will you tell it to me?" asked Bertrand, eagerly.

"Yes, if you'll promise to give me a share of what you may be able to gain by the use of the knowledge that I am about to impart to you."

"I agree to that; it is a bargain," said Bertrand, quickly.

"Well, then, Mrs. Middough is in love with some one, and that some one is not her husband."

Bertrand's keen eyes sparkled at this news.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked.

"Yes, quite sure," answered the girl, confidently. "I am not blind. I can see well enough."

"And who is the man?"

"A gentleman, named Edmund Kelford; he lives only a few doors from here. This girl, or woman rather, loves him with her whole soul, and you can probably guess how she can love."

"And does he love her?"

"Not yet. I do not think that he even suspects that she cares any thing for him. He is very much in love with a sewing-girl who works in a shop on Clark street."

"Does Lurrie know that she has a rival?"

"Yes; she questioned me until she found out all the particulars of the affair. Then, the other night, she took the trouble to go to Clark street to see the girl."

"By Jove!" cried Bertrand, suddenly.

"I remember now, I saw her there, and you, I suppose, were the other female that was with her."

"Yes."

"I was puzzled at the time to account for her presence in such a locality and at such an hour. It was to see this girl, then, her rival, that she took all this trouble?"

"Yes."

For a few moments Bertrand remained silent, evidently in deep thought.

"I have it," he said, at length. "We must encourage this affair. Lurrie must be made to commit herself in some way,

then she will be utterly in our power. I have a curiosity to see this girl who can rival this beautiful tiger. Is she pretty?"

"I do not think so," replied the girl, with a shrug of her shoulders; "but, this Mr. Kelford declares that she is the loveliest woman in all the world."

"A very natural thing for a lover to say; they all say it, even though the object of their adoration be as ugly as sin is supposed to be," Bertrand said, with a sneer.

"If you would like to see her, I can direct you."

"There is no need of that. I remember the locality well enough. I will see the girl; but it is necessary for the success of our plans that Lurrie shall succeed in winning the love of this young man. If I can, I will aid her in crushing her rival; but out of that triumph will come the means that shall in the end lead to her downfall—after we have drawn from her all the money we need."

"We are allies, then?"

"Yes; keep a good watch upon all that passes within the house. We have the game in our hands if we only play our cards rightly."

And so having made the compact, Bertrand departed.

"My skies are brightening!" he cried, exultantly, as he strode along the street.

"By the aid of this girl I shall be able to keep a constant watch upon Lurrie; I shall know all that passes within the house. Fate seems to work for me now rather than against me. Just as I felt that the rope which bound this woman to me was slipping out of my hands, then another and a stronger one is placed within my palm. So, Lurrie already tires of the old man, who bought her with his money. The chains are silken ones, perhaps; still they are chains, nevertheless. Now, if this man, Kelford, will but fall in love with her, my vengeance would be satisfied. That love will be the means by which I will work her ruin. The old captain must know that his young and dainty wife already tires of the bonds of wedlock."

"First, to see this girl, Lurrie's rival; she must be loved indeed to rival this beautiful demon."

Bertrand proceeded straight to the little shop in Clark street. The bells were just striking nine as he reached it.

As he stood before the shop, Pearl came out; her work finished, she was proceeding homeward.

As she passed by Bertrand, he had a full view of her face, and a wonderful effect that face had upon him. For a moment he reeled like a drunken man. It seemed as if he had been stricken by some heavy blow.

"Merciful powers!" he gasped. "Can it be possible? It can not be that I am dreaming!" Then he passed his hand mechanically across his brows. "Can it be that fate is going to give me such a vengeance as this will be, if my guess proves true? It will be terrible, and amply repay me for all the past. I must not lose sight of this girl. I must follow her; find out all I can about her."

And with this resolution Bertrand followed in the footsteps of the girl.

At the corner of the street Pearl was joined by Kelford, who was waiting for her as usual. Then they proceeded onward. Bertrand followed at a safe distance.

"I wonder if this is the man that Lurrie has given her heart to?" he muttered, as he followed stealthily in the rear of the young couple.

They proceeded onward arm in arm, little thinking that they were so closely followed.

Kelford saw Pearl to the door of her house, then bade her good-night and retraced his steps homeward.

Pearl was a riddle to the young man. She confessed frankly that she liked him, but would never own that that liking was love or would ever become love. Kelford felt that he was almost hoping against hope.

Bertrand watched the young couple separate, the girl enter the house and the young man proceed down the street. He had concealed himself in a doorway opposite.

"I am sure that it is she!" he muttered, as he emerged from the gloom of the doorway, "but I must be certain that I am right before I strike the blow. Oh, it will be a terrible vengeance!" and he ground his teeth together fiercely as he spoke. "I hate this woman who was once my wife. She was the ruin of my life, made me what I am, a felon and an outcast, but this vengeance will pay for all."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

## Diamond Hunting.

BY S. J. C.

"THE is your final answer, and there is no hope for me?"

"It is. Much as I admire your brilliant talents, and prize your friendship, I could not consent to be your wife," and Lena Paton turned from the poor but talented young lawyer with a contemptuous toss of her head. She, the beautiful heiress and petted belle, marry a poor man? No, it could not be thought of, and she crushed out from her heart what kind feeling for him she had allowed to nestle there until now.

"Then," said the young man, "God for-

give you for your trifling with my heart's sacred feelings, for I can not," and with his heart steeped in bitterness, Fred Lange went out of the marble palace and up the broad avenue as in a dream.

Our hero was a man of twenty and five, and had already established a good reputation in his profession, and gave great promise for the future, but this refusal of one whom he had so long courted, blighted his life, and in a week Fred was a wanderer on earth, going he knew not whither. He made his way to New York, and while there attended a lecture of a noted African traveler, and after hearing of the wondrous beauty and tropical wealth of Central Africa, he determined to go there, and try and forget home and the cause of his sorrow.

In these days of railroads and steam vessels, journeys are quickly made, and a month had hardly elapsed before the rejected lover had set foot on "Africa's sunny soil," and was journeying inward in company with a party of Englishmen, who were going to the diamond region to hunt the precious jewel. Aimless as he was, he bethought himself that diamond-hunting might furnish him with a source of employment which in itself was exciting and withal profitable; furthermore, the excitement would tend to forgetfulness of bitter recollections. Accordingly he joined fortunes with the party, and took unto himself the occupation of a "Diamond Hunter."

Five years work great changes, and in no place was there a greater change than in the city of C—, where our story opened.

Persons, too, have altered, and

"Some have married, and some are dead."

Among the former was Lena Paton, the heiress-belle, who had married a fashionable drunkard, and was now a widow, and Mrs. Lena-Paton De Courcey was still an acknowledged leader in fashionable society. It was also said by the fashionable gossips that she had never loved her husband, but that she had married to please her parents; and that when she jilted the young lawyer, five years before, she crushed two hearts and made two lives miserable instead of one.

The sudden disappearance of Fred Lange was, for a time, a seven days' wonder, but this, sensational as it was, soon gave way to something later—a divorce suit, it seems—and the poor young lawyer was forgotten, and no one ever learned of his whereabouts or whether dead or alive.

One day the fashionable society of C— was turned topsy-turvy by the announcement that a foreigner, an Englishman, was to make a summer's sojourn there; and in addition, it was given forth that he was immensely wealthy—indeed, the scandal-mongers had it that his fortune was so large it could not be counted, only estimated. Some said that he was an East India merchant prince, while others had it that he was a diamond-hunter, and was from Brazil or Africa, or some other wonderful place, where Ko-hi-noors are had for the picking up. However, the foreigner came, went into society, flirted with the belles, broke hearts, and made himself agreeable generally. Among others he made the acquaintance of the Paton family, consisting of father and mother and two daughters, the eldest, Mrs. DeCourcey, and the younger, Kate, a beautiful girl of twenty.

Lena DeCourcey, together with the remainder of her circle, endeavored, but in vain, to make a "catch" of the foreigner, who was a handsome fellow, of over thirty, had black hair, a piercing eye, and a nut-brown skin, tanned from exposure to the tropical sun.

At last it was settled. He was a diamond-hunter, and had proposed, been accepted, and was going to marry the beautiful Kate Paton. Many wondered why he had overlooked the magnificent widow and finished coquette, but he held his own counsel, and the day of the union was fixed upon.

During his stay in C— he had passed under the name of Frederick Langley, but when the civil contract was written, he signed, in a bold hand, his true name, Frederick Lange, and then his secret was out. It was a great surprise to all, and more especially to Lena DeCourcey, who had always really loved, but who had so proudly refused him.

Fred Lange, in the five years' absence, had been fabulously successful in diamond-hunting, and, better still, had become thoroughly cured of his love for the proud beauty. After he had secured his fortune, he determined to return to the home of his youth, and wishing to know and not be known, had changed slightly his name, so that the young lawyer was not recognized in the broad-shouldered, noble-looking man, who had merely come to America on a visit.

The marriage took place, and Fred Lange and his beautiful Kate were considered the handsomest couple in the city. Fred went into business with his father-in-law, and is now doing finely as a downtown merchant, who spends the greater portion of his time at home with the children. And in this family circle there is but one unhappy, and that one is—not the jilted young lawyer; but an occasional tear in the eye of Lena DeCourcey tells too plainly that she feels grievously the one great error of her life.







Three weeks after, Harvey Burton stood beside the grass-grown grave of Mrs. Shackelford, hid away among the hills of Scotland. The innkeeper was dead, but gaining all the information he could regarding the band of gypsies, he started upon his search.

Over Scotland, through England, across to France, and into Germany, he traced the wandering gypsies, and then was at a loss to find whither they had gone; but after weeks of delay, he again was on their track, and followed them into Spain, and one evening, four months after his departure from America, he rode into their camp.

He was met by the old gray-haired chief, Adrian, and after telling him the object of his search and placing a purse of gold in his hand, he was told that old Estha had indeed deceived Mr. Shackelford, and up to her eleventh year, the little Daisy—she had been named by himself—had grown up in the gypsy camp. Then old Estha had sold her to an Englishman of great wealth, who had seen her and offered to adopt her. With many tears Daisy had left the friends of her childhood and gone with the Englishman. Adrian could not tell the name of the gentleman, but described his looks, the crest upon his carriage, and the livery of his servants, and that his name began with "S."

With these items to guide him, Harvey at once started for London, and upon his arrival there made diligent inquiry, which resulted in his discovering that Lord Randolph Sommers had passed most of his time on the Continent; that his crest, the livery of his servants, and the letter of his name agreed with Adrian's account, so he determined to see that gentleman and find out if he looked like the description given of the Englishman who had adopted Daisy. Going with a friend to the club which he heard Lord Sommers frequented, he saw a gentleman there who answered Adrian's description, and asked, casually,

"Who is that gentleman there?"

"The handsome man with black eyes and long beard?" asked his friend.

"Yes."

"Why that is Lord Randolph Sommers, one of the noblest men in England."

"Has he any family?" queried Harvey.

"Yes, a lovely wife and daughter, who is an heiress, by the way."

"Thank you. Will you introduce me to Lord Sommers?"

"With pleasure," and a few moments after, Harvey Burton shook hands with the man, whom he knew he must in a short while pain, for he felt that his search was ended.

Lord Sommers invited Harvey to dine with him the following day, and then in the quietude of his library, he learned why his guest was in England. It gave him a pang to know it, but he was too just a man not to at once offer to relinquish his claim upon Daisy.

With a sorrowful heart, Lord Sommers called Lady Sommers into the room, and told her all. Then came the saddest part, to make known to Daisy the change in her destiny. She well knew that she was only an adopted child, but she had learned to love Lord and Lady Sommers as if they were her own parents, and she also knew that she was not a gypsy by birth, but had been stolen in infancy. Though greatly distressed at the thought of giving up her adopted parents, Daisy was glad that she would at last meet her own father, and with the permission of all, Harvey sat down to write to Mr. Shackelford and tell him of his success. His letter was accompanied by others from Daisy and Lord and Lady Sommers, all urging him to come at once to England.

In five weeks' time Mr. Shackelford was with his new-found daughter, and a happy party gathered around the dinner-table at Sommers' Hall the day of his arrival. Five weeks of constant intercourse between Daisy and Harvey—for the latter had been urged to stay at Sommers' Hall—had made sad havoc with the hearts of the young couple, and Mr. Shackelford discovered that he had found his daughter to lose her again, for she was Harvey's promised wife. He gave her away gracefully, however, saying,

"You have proved a good detective, Harvey, so Daisy is your reward. She sprung up in the shade of a gypsy camp, was nurtured in England, and is now to be replanted to be ours in far-off America."

## Genevieve's Wish.

BY JULIA SOUTHERN.

SHE stood by her mirror, gazing earnestly at the reflection that was looking back at her with such sad, shadowy brown eyes; and this is the picture Genevieve De Boise saw.

A petite figure, not fashioned after the Venus De Medici, yet not altogether ugly, although the shoulders were a little sharp, and the throat not so exquisitely rounded as it had been six months before, when Aubrey Phillips loved—but, that is telling her story prematurely.

A dark, pale face, with not a vestige of rufous color; those burning eyes that were too brilliant for the thin plain face, and that, since her illness, always wore a half-frightened, half-beseeching look in their dark, well-like depths.

Genevieve's lips quivered, despite her effort to control herself.

"Yes, I am homely; and there's no use denying it. Not that I care for myself, but for him—him! Oh, Aubrey, something tells me I have lost your love in this terrible battle I've fought with life and death!" So you see there was not much selfishness in little Genevieve's heart.

With a weary step, she turned away, her rustling silken skirts trailing after her over the velvet carpet, and sat herself down among the pink velvet cushions of the easy-chair by the window, looking listlessly out over the autumnal glories of meadow and woodland.

"What do I care if it is all mine, as far as I can see? Of what use is all this wealth, when it can not restore the beauty I once possessed, even when that beauty I only want lest Aubrey Phillips should turn from me?"

Away down the oak-shaded avenue, she caught the glimpse of a man coming up to the house, whose open portals were mutually inviting him to come.

Aubrey Phillips it was, the lover she had not seen for weeks and weeks; who had promised her rare, delicate beauty when he bade her adieu, that warm night in early May, and now it was November, and she was so changed!

Was he coming to give her up?—no, hardly that, for he was too courteous to do that,

with all his high-bred ideas of gallantry; but perhaps he was coming to be given up!

Genevieve twirled the heavy golden hoop on her finger, in a state of suspense that was worse than the worst news that could have come to her, and then she remembered how the nurse told her that, during all her long, raging delirium, she had clung with strange tenaciousness to her ring, never permitting it to be removed when her other jewels were taken without a demur.

All these thoughts were running riot through her brain as she watched her lover, with spell-bound eyes. He was not hastening to her, but walking as he always walked, with an air of leisurely grace that sat well upon his blonde beauty.

As he stepped upon the veranda, she was powerless to meet him; he entered the parlor, and came to her side, with his handsome blue eyes searching her face, while her own, shadow-haunted and beseeching were reading him.

"Genevieve, my poor little darling!" He laid his hand tenderly on her short, brown hair; it was enough; the suspense was over; he loved her!

"I was so afraid, Aubrey! I am so homely, so repulsive; but, oh, my Aubrey, my heart is the same it ever was."

She laid her wan little hand on his sun-bright hair.

"Did you think I would prove false to you, little Jennie, because your looks have flown?"

She smiled up in his face, the handsome face that had become so unspeakably dear to her.

"And to-day, darling, I have come to ask you to re-appoint our wedding-day. We thought to have been married by this time, didn't we?"

So they talked and arranged for their wedding, while little Genevieve discovered the world was fairer than ever before.

Lindenside, Genevieve's palatial home, had been thrown open for the holiday guests, who yearly gathered there. Aubrey Phillips, his brother Aubert, several young professional and literary stars from the city added their company to the score of young ladies who claimed rich Miss De Boise as a particular friend.

It was during the holidays, that Genevieve was suddenly awakened as from a dream. This is the way it happened.

It had been a bright winter's day, cold

and clear as crystal; the entire party, so Genevieve thought, had gone down to the pond for a little skating carnival.

She was sitting in her room, when the housekeeper came to her.

"If you please, Miss Genevieve, the linen is ready for the clothes-press. I've scented it; will you put it away, as usual, or shall I?"

She arose with her bonny smile; the last time it hovered on her lips for many a weary day.

"Oh, I'll attend to it, Mrs. Martin. Carry them to the front room, and I'll see to them."

There was a faint little flush on her cheeks as she went into the "front room," where the linen closet was; for it was the apartment her lover occupied; the finest view was to be seen from the window; and in her sweet pride she had assigned it to him.

All around the room were scattered evidences of his presence; a pair of slippers she had tufted; his writing-case, opened, and a partially-written letter in her lover's unmistakable hand.

As she passed by she could not resist the temptation to glance at it; and that passing glimpse sent a pang of anguish to her very soul.

The letter began: "Isabel, my beautiful darling!" It was signed "True till death; your loving Aubrey." The name was but partly written, and the pen lay carelessly beside it, as if hastily finished.

Genevieve stood like a statue.

Could it be that Aubrey was false to her?

She heard some one ascending the stairs; men's footsteps; they came along the corridor; they were coming to this room.

She was ashamed to be detected there, because of the open letter. She darted to the linen-press, and closed the door, just as the gentlemen entered the room.

Pallid from distress, the girl stood in the darkness of the closet, her eyes glowing like stars, and listened to the conversation.

"I may as well finish my letter. Have you any message to send?"

It was Aubrey Phillips' voice.

"Only to tell Isabel how delighted I am that that other homely, sickly little thing has found a rival that can beat her! Conscience, Aubrey, when I contrast her and this splendid Isabel, I wonder how you—"

"Sh," answered Aubrey, and Genevieve heard his pen go scratching over the paper.

Then, they went out again, carrying the letter with them; and Genevieve opened the closet door, looking as if she were dying.

She went wearily down-stairs, and into the library; there she sat down and wrote a few lines.

"AUBREY: I know all about Isabel, I heard you talking this afternoon; I read part of your love-letter to this beautiful woman who has pushed me out from your heart. You are free, Aubrey; and I enclose the ring you gave me, 'GENIEVIEVE.'"

She sent that to his room; then called her housekeeper to her.

"Mrs. Martin, I have received dreadful news within the hour that compels me to leave Lindenside immediately. I may return in a fortnight. I may be obliged to tarry away longer. I want you to explain this to my guests, and bid them use my house as if I was here. Have my valise packed instantly, and send the horses and phaeton to the side entrance."

When the merry party returned, Genevieve was gone; and only Aubrey Phillips, as he read her note, with anguished face, understood the why and wherefore.

It had come to be summer time; bright, beautiful June with her rose-leaves and blue skies, and Genevieve had just come home; a glorious woman, that months of travel and excitement had developed into rarer beauty than ever she had possessed. But, her heart was sick unto death, the love-life was crushed, and Genevieve De Boise went among the flowers of that shady summer dell, the day after her return, wondering how she could endure the quiet of Lindenside.

She had walked down to Witching Glen, a wild, weird spot on the outskirts of her estate, darkly gloomy, where the water dripped from the rocky cave sides, and lay in a still, luminous lake, fringed by pale grasses and flowers that never saw the sunlight.

"If the legend were but true; if I might but gain my one wish by drinking of these magic waters, I'd be content to die, knowing he loved me!"

Almost mechanically she stooped over, and took some of the bright cold water in her hand, and touched it to her lips.

"Aubrey! Oh, Aubrey!"

"I am here, Genevieve, my darling! Look up, and do not tremble so. I this moment arrived, and Mrs. Martin directed me to this, your favorite haunt."

Slowly she arose; breathlessly turned toward him.

"It is you. But why do you call me darling? Where is she, that other?"

Aubrey smiled sadly.

"Oh, my impulsive one, why did you go away? Why did you not see me, and thus have avoided all this misery? That letter I wrote to Aubert's sweetheart for him, because of a wounded friend. That 'other,' I mentioned, was a cousin of his, he never liked, and who maneuvered disgustingly for his hand. You mistook our voices, Genevieve, in your excitement. Now, when I've been waiting for a telegram from Mrs. Martin ever since you went away, to tell me you were home, am I not welcome? I, Genevieve, who always loved you so fondly? who, to-day, renew my vows?"

And in the solemn quiet of the Witching Glen, Genevieve learned that once more had come to her a great, great bliss; Aubrey Phillips' love: who never again would leave her.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAUBLE.

DAVID DUNCAN was busy in his little private work-rooms, putting the finishing touches to a ladies' dressing-case. It was a neat and elaborate article, and he bent over it as affectionately as an artist over his picture, or a mother over her baby. No prettier toy of the kind could have been found in Paris or Geneva. A knock at his door interrupted him; one of the partners of the firm, Mr. Smith, came in, followed by a gentleman, the sight of whom caused the workman a momentary shock. Involuntarily he pulled his straw hat further down on his forehead.

"Have you finished that dressing-case, Duncan?"

"Very nearly, sir."

"Well, this gentleman was looking at those we have down-town in the show-rooms. He wants something extra. None of those pleased him exactly. I was afraid he would go to Ball & Black's, and get some of those foreign nick-nacks; so I told him about this you were getting up, if he were a mind to wait a day or two. He said he should be driving to the Park this afternoon, and he would turn out and take a look at it. Here's the case, Mr. Randolph; I think you'll own it's a beauty."

Duncan stood aside while the two examined the box.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," was the comment of the young gentleman. "I had no idea such work could be done in this country," and he coolly scrutinized the workman, through his eye-glass, as if he was as legitimate an object of curiosity as his dressing-case.

"Duncan learned his trade in France," said Mr. Smith.

"Aw!" politely responded the Southerner, for something in the steady eye of the "mud-sill" had caused him to drop his glass; "that accounts for it. But you don't mean to say," quite respectfully to Duncan, "that you painted this little gem of a picture on the cover?"

"I painted it. It is from a sketch which I made, last fall, while I was on a little trip up the Hudson."

"Aw! is it possible? You may not know it, but I assure you, you are a genius. You ought to leave cabinet-work and take to landscape-painting. I'd give a hundred dollars for that little picture, if it was on canvas or paper, and it's only four by five inches."

"Indeed!" said Duncan, quietly—his employer was much the more pleased of the two; he began to see that he had a wonderful fellow in his service, "so could make money for him, and he prize him accordingly; he grew very affable about the case, raising the price, which had not been given, in his own mind."

Duncan took up a bit of ebony and began another piece of work, as if the two were already gone.

The young gentleman examined the amber-satin linings, the silver key and mountings, the costly finishing, finally agreeing to give eight hundred for the case, which was to be sent, the next day, to his rooms at the New York Hotel, when he would give his check for the amount.

"Be sure that you admit of no delay in finishing it," he said; "it is for a young lady, who leaves, the very next day, for Newport, and I wish her to receive it to-morrow evening."

"A betrothal present, perhaps?" remarked Duncan, with a smile.

"It may even be so," was the gay answer; "nothing more natural," and the graceful Southerner switched his boot with

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his riding-whip, and looked a great deal more self-satisfied than he felt.

"It would be the most natural thing in the world," said the artisan. There was something in his voice and the curl of his lip which attracted the remark of the young gentleman; he was not disposed to patronize that class of fellows, but this one had really something peculiar about him, and he condescended to ask:

"What is it, so natural?"

"For a rich young man, who can afford it, to want to marry a beautiful woman. And for the beautiful woman to want to marry the rich young man."

"These girls take devilish queer streaks, though, sometimes," said the gentleman, disconcertedly; then remembering who he was speaking before, he added: "Not that they ever tease me with their humors. I don't think the money ought to be all on one side, either; I've never seen the woman so pretty that she could please me without she has plenty of cash. I like the English style of making settlements—then a man knows what he has to expect."

"A man," said Duncan, under his breath—"a puppy, you mean?"

"What did you remark, fellow?"

"He was speaking about my dog," hastily said the head of the house, pulling the ear of that animal, and glancing angrily at his workman. "I am glad you like the dressing-case so well, Mr. Randolph. I think, myself, that the young lady who gets it, whoever she is, will find it irresistible—it'll take her by storm, I am sure."

"No matter about the young lady," said the purchaser, getting back upon his dignity; but at that moment he noticed a ring which the workman wore on his little finger, and a covetous light glittered in his black eyes.

"If you don't object, I'd like to examine that stone you wear. Did you pick it up in Paris? I don't see how you can afford to wear such a ring as that, my man."

"I got it, in the course of my wanderings."

"Stole it, of course," was the mental comment of the young gentleman, while he said aloud: "That's a stone of the first water—really a remarkably fine diamond. It looks well as a solitaire. It would make a beautiful ring with which to bind a lady's faith—eh? Upon my word, it just suits me. Perhaps you don't know the value of it. I would willingly give you three hundred dollars for it."

"It's not for sale."

"But three hundred dollars is quite a sum, my friend. You might furnish up a little cottage for it."

"How would you pay me?" suddenly asked Duncan, looking straight in the other's eyes. "In a check on a bank in Baltimore?"

The stranger's eyes fell, but he regained his calmness.

"Oh, as to that, any way you choose. Perhaps you play," he added, in a whisper. "If so, I will stake you five hundred against your ring, to-night, at Pugg's. What say?"

"I do play, sometimes; but not at your game. I shan't part with the ring at any price."

The Southerner turned angrily away. If he wanted a workman's diamond ring, he thought it insolent of the fellow not to let him have it. To have got this jewel for half its real value, and added it to the contents of the dressing-case, would have pleased him much.

"Be certain, sir, to deliver the case to-morrow noon," he said to Mr. Smith, and presently was on his way to the Park.

It may be conjectured from this that Mr. Randolph was not discouraged with the rebuff he had received from the young lady whose fortune he had resolved should mend his broken one.

To "storm her," as the cabinet-dealer had metaphorically phrased it, with costly gifts and persistent attentions, paid in such a way that she could not entirely reject them, must ultimately bring her to terms. Whether these presents were ever paid for, must be the look-out of those from whom he obtained them. His credit was good, for he boarded at the New York Hotel, and was always expecting remittances from the South.

Mr. Smith had followed his valuable customer to the door, and Duncan was left with his work before him. Now that the gentleman was out of sight, some strong passion, which he had repressed until his sinewy, slender hands were in a quiver, took a more violent expression. He paced back and forth through his little shop, like a caged panther, muttering:

"If he had stayed one minute longer, I believe I should have shaken him to pieces."

When he had partially worked down his excitement, he sat on the high stool before his table, and drew the box toward him, leaning his head on his hand, and gazing at the little picture on the lid.

"Who would have thought the box would have fallen into her hands? She has the first little sketch of this picture. It was made on the day of that excursion. She admired it, and would have it. Poor Ward Tunnecliffe! How happy he was that day. He did not foresee what a year would bring forth. How proud he was of the preference of that young girl—and how modestly she betrayed it! He felt himself a better man on account of it. I dare say. It was a proof of his own nobility that she should favor him! Oh, yes! What a pity that he can not see what a high-minded suitor she has chosen, as soon as he was out of the way. It would increase the evidence of her fine intuitions in such matters! Poor Ward! Whom the gods love die young—or kill themselves. It would be bad for him to return, were such a thing possible, to this world, which he leaped out of so readily. Even his golden-haired sister is beginning to emerge, like a mermaid, from her weeds; and his little nephew, his namesake, has quite forgotten him, no doubt. His brother don't need him in the kind of business he is going into, and his lady-love—ay, there's the rub! Stay where you are, Ward Tunnecliffe, and ask no questions of the last arrival from our little earth. The circles have closed over your head, and were you to come back, you would have to look about for another sphere of action. Yes, yes! yours was the true wisdom. I will doubt it no more."

With this, he shook off whatever of his late mood still lingered, took up his dainty tools, whistling softly a gay little tune.

"I've half a mind to put Ward's initials in a corner of the picture, just to give her a little pleasant surprise," he whispered, presently. "But why should I prick a fashionable woman's conscience, even with a pin? It is made of vulcanized rubber, and is quite insensible. Let her mate with whom she will! 'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

An hour later, the dressing-case was quite complete. He turned the tiny key in the lock, and pushed it away from him with a bitter smile.

"She won't keep it long, after that letter which was sent her—at least, if she has common prudence. I suppose I ought not to have meddled; but I could not see her going to utter destruction. She might have married a fool, in welcome; but I could not—quite—let her rush into such trouble without warning. The responsibility is off my shoulders, now. Nothing to me—I know it. But Ward Tunnecliffe loved her once."

## CHAPTER V. ON THE BEACH.

MISS ARNOLD was engrossed in the great duty of seeing that her trunks were properly packed, when a package was brought to her chamber by a servant, who said that it had been delivered by the city express. Taking off the various wrappings, she saw the dressing-case of which the reader has already heard.

"Oh, how beautiful! charming! That must have come from Monsieur Randolph," cried her maid. "No one else knows how to send such beautiful gifts."

Her mistress did not heed this little excitement; she had been on her knees when she uncovered the box, and she now sat on the floor, holding it in her lap, gazing with a pale face, at the picture on the lid.

"It is the same—the very same! This looks like a French article, and yet it can not be, for the sketch was only taken last fall. No doubt it is a favorite subject with artists. That must be the reason why I see it here. Yet they are so alike—it is certainly a remarkable coincidence. And that it should have been sent to me! I wonder who—?" Here she just began to show some curiosity as to the sender.

She looked inside and out for some note, or at least a card, or initials; but there was no clue to the giver.

"He is so modest—so prudent," chattered the maid, "he does not send his name. It is like him. He is so generous—not like the young gentlemen of New York. Of course, Miss Arnold, it can be no one but Monsieur Randolph."



"I do not agree with you," said Maud, almost sharply. "Why should Mr. Randolph send me any thing so costly? You talk too much about him, Marie."

Marie shrugged her shoulders, and was not convinced.

Maud really had no idea that it came from the man whom she had rejected and made angry not forty-eight hours before. She had smiled at the recollection of his parting threat, that he would not give her up—and then the picture! She could not help feeling that there was some mystery about the picture; a mystery which touched her inmost feelings, and made her fingers tremble, and her cheek pale, for it reminded her of the past in a vivid manner.

Who could have known that she had that sketch? Ah! it must have been Mrs. Bowen. She had shown it to her; they had admired it together. Perhaps Mrs. Bowen had come across this box, and had sent it as a cruel reminder. But Susie was not able to indulge in such costly reminiscences, even had there been a motive. Still, it might just be possible that she had owned this box, among the hundreds of expensive trifles with which her house had been filled, and that her brother had painted this picture on the cover, for he sometimes used the brush as well as the pencil; and that, knowing how much Maud liked the original, she had sent it to her to show her that she was not affected by the alienation which had taken place between the families.

"Poor Susie—dear Susie," murmured Maud, while the tears began to flow; "she was always an affectionate, forgiving little thing, if she was such a butterfly. I ought to have gone to her, in her misfortune, despite of father's command. Yet, if she knew all, she would have shuddered to meet me—she would have blamed me for helping drive him to death. I thought she was in Philadelphia. If she has returned, I would go to her at once, if I could obtain her address."

Mr. Reginald Randolph would never have put his eight hundred dollars to so poor a use, could he have guessed the memories it stirred in Maud, or the source to which she attributed the gift. Afraid to send his name with it, knowing that it would be instantly returned, should he do so, and yet intending, when his plans were further developed, during his visit to Newport, to allow it to be suspected whence it came, he had ventured upon the present—not feeling the risk so great, since the toy was not paid for, and the dealer had received, instead of his check, only a promise to pay at thirty days. Should his plans fail, he could run away from his debts; should they succeed, the young lady's money might pay for the generous attention. Such finesse as this ought to have made a successful business-man of this son of chivalry.

"We will not finish packing, to-night, if Miss Arnold sits so long with her pretty box," said Marie, at last, who had been silenced at the sight of Maud's tears, but could no longer restrain her impatience at not being able to examine the inside furnishing. "There is the largest trunk not yet begun—and we must find room for the dressing-case. It was fortunate to arrive before the trunk was filled."

"Yes, we must take this," replied the mistress; and so the gift was retained, and the hopes of the sender revived.

The Arnolds were to leave by the Sound steamer, on the following evening. Maud had part of a day before her in which to endeavor to find if Mrs. Bowen was in the city; but she was unsuccessful in her efforts, and went away resolved, as soon as she was settled in Newport, to write dear Susie a long letter.

Poor Susie! She had been a belle in Newport, the previous season. How it called it back to Maud, as if it were yesterday, instead of a year ago, when she found herself at the same hotel, occupying the same rooms to which those of Mrs. Bowen had been opposite. Then, she had just begun to think that she loved Susie's brother; then, the sweetness of a first timidly-cherished dream was upon her, giving a charm to every thing, even to the vulgarity and frivolity of fashionable dissipation. Now, all was so cold and gloomy; the women were so foolish and the men so insignificant; "her doll was stuffed with sawdust," certainly; for Maud's feelings were like ashes.

Every day made the crowd more repulsive to her; there were plenty of pleasant, intelligent friends about her; but she did not like to dance, nor to entertain the young men who always gathered about her, like bees about a rose. She saw married women, like Susie Bowen, living only to dress and be admired by a promiscuous assembly; and she judged them much more harshly than she had the gay sister of the man she loved. Darling Susie! She, at least, had always looked innocent, with her fair child-face, and girlish gracefulness. The men used to swear they believed Bowen had brought her from the depths of ocean, with her pink cheeks and glittering hair; and, laughing at the fancy, the pretty spirit took more than ever to pearls and sea-weed and sheeny draperies of silver or emerald. There was something true to her nature and looks, in the innocent vanities of Mrs. Bowen; but these silly creatures, upon whom Maud now looked down with chiding eyes, had no such excuse for their follies.

Newport was dreary to Maud; yet it

was haunted by a charm which kept her there, and prevented her parents from seeing how great the change in her really was. The shadow of past happiness dwelt there, glimpsing at her from balcony and ball-room—from the sunny beach and the eternal waves, whose faces, at least, had not changed.

The sight of the water was awful to her. She never looked upon it but that she saw Ward's dead face flashing beneath its surface; yet, for that reason, it had a fearful fascination. To seek out some secluded spot along the sands, and to persuade her friends to leave her there, while they amused themselves, near at hand, with gayer company, was an almost daily resource with her. There the book would slip from her idle hands, and she would fix her eyes upon the sliding waves which came whispering to her feet, seeing visions of which none but herself guessed. It was a dangerous indulgence, calculated to undermine her health, physical or mental; her father would have snatched her from it, had he been aware of it; but, as it was, he was glad to see her surrounded by new influences, and to deceive himself by declaring that she was getting back her flesh and color.

When they had been a fortnight at Newport, Mr. Randolph arrived, stopping at the same hotel. Doubtless, he would have preferred Saratoga, as far as his own tastes were concerned, had not Miss Arnold been at Newport; and there was abundance of employment for his talent at this place, if not as much as at its rival.

Maud had never shown her friends the anonymous note she had received, placing her on her guard with the Southerner. In the first place, having already settled matters with him, as far as their present relations were concerned, she was too indifferent to have the truth of the letter investigated; then, she had a dislike to gossip, thinking people might find out Mr. Randolph for themselves; thirdly, she had a singular feeling about the letter, which made her averse to showing it.

But when he quietly persisted in renewing his attentions, she began to doubt if she had acted with discretion. She resolved to place the note in her father's hands, and let him make such use of it as he thought best. More from preoccupation than any thing else, this step she delayed from day to day.

In the mean time, she was much envied the attentions of the southern millionaire, and much wondered at for the coldness with which she received them.

"Don't think it necessary to be chilling in order to keep me at the freezing-point," he had said to her once. "I take back the rash speech I made on that evening, when I was so stung by disappointment as hardly to know what I was saying. I withdraw all pretensions; but I do not wish to be marked out from the list of your friends. Treat me as you do others for whom you care nothing, yet who have the pleasure of being upon the roll of honor."

Maud received the explanation politely, ignored the past, and treated him precisely as she did all others in her train.

By this means he again placed himself upon a footing whence he might hope to gain a nearer approach. Her father treated him with marked cordiality; he didn't like *parvenus*, and the Randolphs were a family to which he should be willing to see his daughter add her name; he was anxious to have Maud entirely forget her first disappointment; and he told the young man, quite plainly, not to be disheartened at a first rejection—"girls often changed their minds."

Thus encouraged, and also winning pretty handsomely, just then, at midnight gaming-tables, Randolph was tolerably content.

There were numerous other young ladies, as rich as Miss Arnold, at Newport, from among whom he might have had his choice; and, as marriage was a matter of speculation with him, it is strange that he persisted in his difficult suit; but certain it is that the most selfish and dishonorable have attractions which they dignify by the name of love. He would not have married Miss Arnold without money, but with it, he preferred her to any woman of his acquaintance. Under the smart of injured vanity, and a fiery temper, he believed that he loved her; he vowed to himself that her will should yield to his.

Reginald Randolph was the impostor which the anonymous letter had declared him to be; he was the nephew instead of the son of the Randolph of Baltimore. But his family was the same, his connections as good, and his estate had once been nearly as large. His father before him, and then himself, had ruined their fortunes by various excesses; since he had parted with the last slave and the last acre, he had supported himself by the same courses which had beggared him, oftentimes with an impudence that would have brought him into trouble, had not family pride compelled those who suffered not to betray him, using his uncle's name and those of other relatives, for his own benefit. Finally, he had ventured into New York, and played the role there of which the letter had accused him, saying to himself that he had nothing to lose, and might have much to gain. He was no vulgar impostor, for he had the manners and education of those among whom he moved; probably he was just as good, in every respect, barring the fortune, as the Reginald Mugby Randolph whom he represented.

Still, his game was an audacious one, and his reception "by our best society" would have been quite different in the light of the truth. Mr. Arnold, who was severe upon suddenly-made wealth, and whose doors opened so slowly to new acquaintances, did not dream of the danger he was in. Young Randolph was a little too gay to suit his strict ideas; but he was young and would improve, while it was a real pleasure to be cordial to one of those blue bloods.

The Arnolds had been at Newport six weeks. It was their intention soon to leave, and travel a month through the most picturesque parts of New England, take a trip up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, perhaps go to St. Catherine's springs, and come home by way of Niagara Falls. Mrs. Arnold was not satisfied with her daughter's appearance, and began to hint at a consumptive tendency in her family. Mountain air would be better than sea air for Maud. Mrs. Arnold was a delicate woman, disliking exertion, not fond of change; but her heart was bound up in their only child, and she was not too absorbed in her own little daily vexations and ailments, to observe that something was wrong with the girl.

Maud was indeed falling into a mood of melancholy and abstraction unnatural to a young person moving in the midst of life and gaiety. She assented to the traveling plan with the same shadowy smile with which she yielded to every suggestion of her parents—a smile so sweet and unmeaning, without a bit of heart, that it was more painful than to have seen her fretful and exclaiming.

Whatever was the matter with her, it did not lessen with time, as they had expected her memory of her first love affair, and its tragic termination, would do.

It was one of those cool, bright days which often come in the latter part of July, that she went, with others, to see the bathers. She did not wish to go in the water herself, that morning, but sat upon the beach, her face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, gazing absently at the merry, absurd crowd of men, women, and children, in their blue, scarlet, and purple suits, running on the beach, screaming in the surf, looking and behaving quite otherwise from the same crowd at dinner or at dance. After a time, she arose and walked further on.

"Come, George," she said to a boy of sixteen, son of a relative, "you are not going in the water. Let us get further away from this, where we can enjoy the society of old ocean, without seeing his white beard pulled by these irreverent frolickers. I have a book which you will like. You may read, and I will think."

"You do too much of that, cousin Maud, I'm sure," replied the youth, very ready to go with her—for he was just at the age to worship some lovely woman, preparatory to a real falling-in-love with somebody else—and in his eyes, Maud was the incarnation of feminine perfections—beautiful, stylish, good, marvelous in all that she did, said, or suffered.

"I am honored in being selected as your escort," he continued, as they strolled along. "The first thing I know, Mr. Randolph will be jealous of me. It's cruel of you to go off, and be helpless in his bathing-suit, not able to run after you. He was cutting all those wonderful pigeon-wings in the water on purpose to excite your admiration. If I were a little older, I should feel ticklish about exciting his jealousy. He has such wicked eyes—I should expect on dark nights to feel him creeping behind me, with something in his hand as sharp as his eyes."

Maud laughed in an amused manner; then said, more gravely:

"Hush, George; don't say such things even in jest. Fortunately you are not any older, and you are my cousin, so you are safe. And please don't you tease me about Mr. Randolph. It's tiresome enough to have everybody else doing it. He is very disagreeable to me, and I'd like to leave him behind when I've company that suits me better."

"I'll never mention his name again, cousin Maud"—flattered by her confidence. "I don't like him, either; there's something artful about him. He's not manly and pleasant, like—I mean he's so different from—from—"

A spasm of pain contracted Maud's face. The boy saw it, and paused, without speaking the name upon his lips. He used to think that his cousin and Mr. Tunnecliffe were very much interested in each other; he had not known that they were actually engaged; but he was quick to see that Maud was distressed, and could not finish his sentence.

They walked on in silence, until Maud said, almost in a whisper:

"You said, George, that you should expect 'to feel somebody creeping behind you, in the dark,' though you did not know he was there. Do you ever feel such things? Don't you think, sometimes, there are spirits about us, although we can not see them? And that, still further, our bodily eyes may sometimes detect and recognize those spirit-forms?"

The boy looked earnestly into his companion's face, which wore an eager, anxious look, and those sweet, loving eyes had an expression which filled him with awe. He was troubled and embarrassed, but he had plenty of courage, and answered, decidedly:

"I might fancy that he was behind me, when he was not; or, if he were there, I might feel him through the influence of

personal magnetism, although I did not hear or see him. When you go into a dark room, can you not always tell whether it is vacant or not? I can."

"Yes, but the dead, George! Did you ever see the dead?—plainly, as I see you now?"

"Don't look at me that way, cousin Maud, or I shall think you are a ghost, and run away from you. Oh, dear, I hope you are not getting to be one of those spiritualists!"

"Why do you 'hope' so?"

"Well, I don't know. Only I've always thought you so sensible, for a woman. And it seems a sort of weakness."

He was much relieved by the smile which brightened her face, driving out that far-away, pallid look.

"Thank you, for your good opinion. 'Sensible for a woman'—eh? Now, I always thought we were the most sensible half of creation; but perhaps the boys think otherwise. Well, perhaps it is a weakness, to believe in any thing we can not touch or taste. Yet, it appears to me, that all religious feeling is founded in our perception of a spiritual state of which we have no actual proof. However, George, don't be alarmed. If I get to be a 'spiritualist,' I will keep it to myself. I don't like to mortify my fashionable friends. Have you read Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King'?"

"Not yet."

"I have it here. You like Tennyson, I have heard you say. There is no place so charming for enjoying true poetry as to read it within hearing of the grand rhythm of the sea. Here is a rock with the sunshine on it. Sit you down with your book, and be happy. I have another for my own reading. If you grow tired before I do, call me."

She wandered a little way from him, seated herself on the fine, white sand, where the waves broke almost at her feet, opened a volume which she drew from her pocket, and appeared to be reading. Her cousin, content with his book, full of quiet enjoyment of the seclusion and the bright day, was soon absorbed in the Idyls.

In the meantime, Maud's book shut itself and fell into her lap. Her eyes were fixed upon the blue waters, not with the look of a dreamer, but with an expectant eagerness. The spot where she chose to rest was quite hidden from the gay people further down the beach, by a curve in the bay, and a small, rocky projection rising up nearer at hand. So lost was she in her thoughts that she saw and heard nothing until a hand closed over her own with a soft, firm clasp, and she looked up to find Mr. Randolph seated by her side.

"I saw you coming this way, and followed you, when I had finished my bath. Your cousin is busy, reading, and will not hear us," he began, in a low, warm voice. "I can not live any longer as I have been living here, Miss Arnold. I love you more completely with every day and hour; this suspense is wearing me out. I followed you in the hope—in the hope, Miss Arnold, that your feelings toward me are kinder than they were when I spoke to you in New York. If devotion will make a woman happy, you will be happy with me. Do not draw your hand away—do not—I can not bear it."

His breath played over her cheek, his glowing, dark eyes shone into hers with a softness she had not believed them capable of; she felt the influence of his will and passion unstringing her nerves, but not shaking her resolve; when she found that she could not release her hand, she did not condescend to struggle.

"Mr. Randolph, you might spare yourself and me all this pain. I do not and can not love you, and never will; and without love, I would not marry you if you owned the whole State of Maryland. I do not intend to marry—you, nor any one else," she added, thinking this, perhaps, might soften the blow.

He would not be refused; he said all that his eloquence was master of to induce her to yield some shadow of a promise.

"You hurt my hand," she said, at last. "I will be obliged to call my cousin."

Then he got angry, again, as he had done at first; his cheek grew sallow, and his eyes were like coals; but he released her hand.

"I will not be thwarted; I will have my revenge. Why do you find me so unbearable? I am not generally so detested by the ladies. Has any one been slandering me to you?" he asked.

"The simple truth is as I have told it, sir. I do not love you. However, I have heard," she continued, looking him in the eyes, for she was indignant at his persistence, "that you are the nephew, not the son, of the gentleman you represent as your father. Do you think it honorable, Mr. Randolph, to deceive my parents in a matter of this kind? I have said nothing of my knowledge, as I have no desire to harm you; but you must see how little chance you stand to change my opinion."

His eye fell, and he was silent for an instant; his rage melted away; when he spoke again, it was in a humble tone:

"I have deceived you and your friends, Miss Arnold. But if you will give me any hope for the future, I swear I will make the *amende honorable*. I will forsake all that you do not like in my present habits, and seek to retrieve myself and fortunes. My connections are influential; they can and will help me."

She had never felt so sorry for him as

then; it was evident that he had grown to really love her, whatever had been the motive which first prompted his suit. His passion, such as it was, was sincere.

"I am glad that you mean to do better," she said gently. "I shall pray that you may succeed in redeeming your name and honor. When you do so, you may count me as one of your best friends."

"Is that all?"

"All that I can promise," she said, rising to her feet.

He cast a glance about the place, to make sure of his position. The boy had fallen asleep over his book; there was no one else in sight, and by causing Maud to take a step or two away from him, her cousin, reclining against the rock, was also hidden from view.

"I've a mind to kill you," he said, between his teeth.

"Would that be like a Southern gentleman?"

"Are you not afraid?"

"Not at all. If you meant to harm me, you would not threaten."

She began to walk toward her cousin; she did not wish to call him; for she knew that "a scene" at a watering-place like that, would be very disagreeable and mortifying. She was not at all alarmed; but she felt annoyed beyond expression, and resolved to tell her father at once what sort of a gentleman Mr. Randolph was; she would awaken George, and return.

"You first humble me, and then laugh at me."

The grasp on her arm was not a playful one; a dark face confronted her.

"I will drown you," he said; "nobody else shall have you. I will send you to find your lover. He liked the water so well, let us see how you take to it."

"George!" she cried, for she saw now that he was in earnest; "George! George, come to me."

Even then she would not shriek any louder than might answer to awaken her cousin. A woman's pride is as strong as death. Maud would, perhaps, rather have died, than have had the curious, gossiping crowd running to her rescue, and been obliged to explain the nature of her danger. His hand was over her mouth.

"I can drown you, and no one will be the wiser for it," he continued, drawing her toward the surf. "I will drag you out, for I am a good swimmer. They will say that you, too, killed yourself, because young Tunnecliffe set the fashion."

Maud could not speak; but just then she ceased to struggle, and pointed with her finger toward the bay. There was something in her look which made Randolph, whose back was then toward the water, turn around. A small row-boat had shot out from some unseen cove, or had been gaining way from some greater distance. When he had looked before attempting his desperate exploit, nothing was in sight. Now the boat was not twenty rods away; its single occupant was bending to his oars with all his strength, and his eyes were fixed directly upon them. Randolph released his hold.

"Do you not see? It is he!" cried Maud, in an awe-struck whisper. "I have seen him before."

She forgot about her danger, about the man by her side, who said, with a forced laugh:

"I was playing, Miss Arnold. I only wanted to frighten you," and sauntered off behind the rocks until hidden from sight, when he walked away rather more swiftly than was consistent with dignity. Maud was unconscious of this by-play; she gazed at the boatman, who was now quite near to shore, and who arose in the boat to keep it off the beach with his oar. Since there was no need of his assistance it seemed as if he had changed his mind about landing.

"Ward!" cried Maud, stretching out her arms to him.

The man, a tall fellow, in the regular sailor garb, stared at her as if she were a lunatic, pushed his boat back, and began paddling away.

"Ward!" she called again, in a voice like a shriek, and as the little boat darted off in the sunshine, she fell upon the sands. That cry of love and despair aroused the boy; he would not believe that he had actually fallen asleep over the "Idyls;" but he saw his cousin sink, and sprang to her assistance.

"What is it, dear Maud? Pray what is the matter? Are you ill?" he asked, when he had dashed her well with salt spray, and she was sitting up on the beach.

"I shall be well in a moment, George. But tell me, truly, as you value your soul, did you see any one in a boat, and if you did, who was it?"

"I saw a sailor rowing away, when I ran to you. He was a darkish fellow—a stranger. Was it that fellow who frightened you? I would shoot him, if I had him here."

"No, George, he did not frighten me. But I saw some one whom I have seen before. Come, let us go home. And do not say any thing to mother about my being ill. I shall get over it, presently."

She had the nerve to walk back to her hotel without any appearance of the scene she had passed through, exchanging salutations with her friends by the way; but when she reached her room, instead of dressing for luncheon, she was glad to shut the blinds, and rest herself in the cool darkness.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 36.)



## Stranded.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

The summer sun was sinking in a blaze of scarlet and gold behind the verdure-crowned hills of Staten Island, as the pretty schooner *Ariel*, wafted by the welcome evening breeze that had just sprung up, sped swiftly through the Narrows, and stood out to sea.

The *Ariel* was but a small vessel, two hundred tons, or thereabouts. She belonged to her captain, a tall, sunbronzed man, whose beard was already silvered by the hand of Time, but whose powerful physique showed yet no signs of decay. She carried a crew of five able seamen; a mulatto who held the double position of cook and steward; I, myself, was aboard in the capacity of mate; and last, but by no means least, she carried one passenger.

Perhaps I err in classifying Miss Inez Shelton as a passenger, for she was our captain's daughter, and had invariably accompanied him on his voyages ever since the demise of her mother. A pleasing sample of the intellectual American girl was Inez. The magic chisel of Hiram Powers could not delineate a figure more graceful than was hers, the fairest rose that ever bloomed in the gardens of the East would have envied her delicate complexion. Over her sloping shoulders, a fleece of golden locks gleamed like a sun-lighted cascade, and her smile would have thawed the blood in the frigid veins of the most austere ascetic that ever existed. Well might her father be proud of his darling, for she was to him a jewel beyond all price. I could not fail to admire such a peerless creature; though never very susceptible, or addicted to feeling sentimental, I soon found that she had won possession of my heart, and I cursed fortune for having ordained me a rough, untutored mariner, who could not dare aspire to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Miss Shelton was kind and courteous to me—it was not in her nature to be otherwise to any one—and many a night-watch did she make glad some, by favoring me with her genial company, which would have been otherwise dreary and tedious.

The *Ariel* was bound to Jamaica. For the first few days she made rapid progress, but then the breeze fell light, dwindled gradually away, and left her idly becalmed for many weary weeks, there not being sufficient air to distend the snowy canvas pensile from her gaffs and stays, or to ripple the swelling, silvery bosom of the glittering sea. A gust was far advanced ere we reached the Bahamas, and as it became apparent that our supply of water would not last us to Jamaica, if we made equally slow progress during the remainder of the passage, Captain Shelton determined to touch at one of the numerous islets, which form the group we were near, and there replenish our stock.

The one he selected was Mariguana, an island of coral formation, low, and but scantily covered with soil, but possessing several small lakes, the waters of which are pure and wholesome. One sultry afternoon we dropped anchor about two miles distant from its coral strand, and hoisted our two boats in order to tow the water-casks ashore. I had been ailing for the past few days—not being well accustomed to the calid temperature of the tropics, I felt the effects of change of climate—so our kindly skipper directed me to remain with his daughter and the steward, aboard the *Ariel*, while he took charge of the boats, and superintended the operation of procuring water. Towing casks through even the most smooth and tideless sea is terribly laborious work, and I soon perceived by the slow progress toward the shore my shipmates made, that some hours would elapse ere their mission was accomplished, and they returned to the vessel.

I was leaning over the starboard rail, intently watching, by the aid of a telescope, the movements of the boats, when the sudden flapping of the sails overhead attracted my attention. Then I noticed, for the first time, a small white cloud, scarcely bigger than a man's hand, driving swiftly across the turquoise sky toward us. I knew what it prognosticated. I knew it to be the harbinger of one of those terrible tornados which are universally dreaded throughout the West Indies. I called Pedro, the steward, to aid me, and immediately lowered the main and fore-sails, and hauled down the stay-sails and "flying-kites," which had been left hoisted, as there was scarcely a breath of air to fill them when we anchored. We had hardly succeeded in securing them, when a gust of tremendous violence swept past, sending the spray in a blinding sheet across our deck, and causing the *Ariel* to swiftly swing head to wind and tauten her cable to the utmost tension. The mercury in the barometer had fallen considerably, and dark cloud-banks to windward warned me that the worst was yet to come. Great waves were now bursting under our bows, and the wind whistled wildly through the tightly-strained cordage. I feared that one anchor would not hold the vessel, so Pedro and I endeavored to get the other cock-billed and ready for letting go. While we were so engaged, Miss Shelton came on deck, her face pallid, and anxiety visible in her lustrous eyes.

"Has papa landed yet, Mr. Carter? Those two small boats can never live in such a sea as this, and they will be swamp-

ed if they attempt to put off to us," she cried, in tremulous tones—dear girl, it was for her father's safety she was most concerned.

"He's all right, Miss Inez, you may rest assured. I guess he reached the land before this storm came on." I should have added more to allay her fears, but before I could give utterance to another word, the cable by which the *Ariel* was riding snapped near the hawse-hole, as a huge wave broke against her bow, and in another instant the pretty vessel was at the mercy of the waves. With inconceivable rapidity, the steward and I close-reefed the forestay-sail and hoisted it, in order to keep the schooner out of the trough of the sea. We had some difficulty in trimming the sheet, but at last we got it hauled in, and the lively craft sprung over the raging billows that sought her annihilation. I knew that if she drove ashore we should all inevitably perish, so I took the helm, and, by skillful steering, managed to let her head-reach seaward. Each instant the storm increased in violence; wild, angry waves leaped foaming on our deck, or burst and broke against the quivering side of our frail vessel, that struggled manfully on, though her taper masts bent like willow wands, and the sails blew from the gaskets, and, ere we could secure them, were torn to shreds and borne down to leeward upon the wings of the wind.

I fully expected that the storm-stay-sail set forward would succumb to the fury of the blast and leave us a helpless prey to the devouring surges; but it stood bravely throughout the night—ah! what a night of anxiety we all passed!—and when the morrow's sun rose red above the horizon, the gale had subsided, and only the frothy sea continued to strive against us.

Of course I was unable to determine the position of the *Ariel* until I could obtain the altitude of the sun at meridian; but I took an observation at eight o'clock, and then, as I was thoroughly worn out by my exertions during the past eighteen hours, I allowed Miss Shelton, who had obtained some rest during the past night, to persuade me to snatch a little sleep, she promising to steer the vessel, keep the look-out, and call Pedro and I shortly before noon.

I was peacefully sleeping; in my vision I sat beside dear Inez and toyed with her golden locks as I listened to loving words which, falling from her cherry lips, charmed my ears like fairy music. A noise, resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, startled me from repose; as I ran hastily upon deck I felt the vessel quiver from stem to stern, then reel heavily, and finally fall upon her side.

Inez was clinging to the wheel, amazement depicted on her lovely face. "Oh! what can be the matter, Mr. Carter? I've been steering so carefully, and exactly as you directed me," she cried.

"It's not your fault. We have struck on a hidden reef, but if it is ebb tide now, we shall get off at the flood, as, fortunately for us, there is but little sea on now," I replied, as I flung the hand-lead over the side and found, to my dismay, the water alongside to be barely a fathom deep.

But, alas! a few hours proved to us how hopeless was our chance of escape from this new predicament; we had run upon the reef during the flood, and at ebb tide the vessel was nearly high and dry—that the pretty *Ariel* had found her last resting-place was obvious to us all. Such slight efforts as we three unfortunates were able to make were impotent; we could only wait and pray for deliverance from the cruel death that menaced us. Each day I feared a recurrence of the storm which had been the cause of all our trouble, for I knew that even a moderate gale would break in pieces our stranded ship; but the weather remained fine, and the glassy surface of the sea was scarcely broken by the tiniest ripple.

Of provisions we had plenty, but, when we had been a fortnight upon the reef, not a drop of fresh water remained, and "the terrible torture of thirst" came upon us in hideous reality. Some bottles of wine and a few of spirits were aboard, and we economized these as much possible, I meting out an equal quantity to each of us until the former was utterly exhausted. It was a terrible trial to me to see my darling suffer, to know the agony she was suffering, and yet, for her sake, to have to deny her more than just sufficient of the generous liquid to sustain life. The brandy I had to economize still more, for it seemed to me to augment our thirst, though it stimulated us. One morning I opened the last bottle but one that remained, and, while I turned away to procure the measure I used, Pedro, who seemed to have become deranged in mind, snatched it up, sped from the cabin, and, ere I could overtake him, swallowed nearly the whole of its contents. Five minutes later he fell dead upon the deck.

Inez and I were now alone. I will not attempt to describe our sufferings, for, even at this hour, I shudder when I think of them; but still there was one bright spot—an oasis in the desert of our misery—to which I must revert. In the midst of that bitter trial, when death in its most hideous form stared us in the face, I learned that my darling loved me—heard from her own sweet lips that I had long held place in her heart. Ah! how fervently did I pray for deliverance then!

It came at last. Weak and emaciated

as we were from privation, we could hardly signal a steamer that one day hove in sight; but there were good eyes and hearts aboard of her, and they, noticing the position of the *Ariel*, came down and rescued us. She proved to be a small propeller called the *Vivora*, and by Inez's request, her tender-hearted skipper anchored off Mariguana, and sent a party ashore in search of Captain Shelton and my late shipmates. But only the sight of six stark and hideous corpses bleaching on the beach rewarded their toil; evidently the hapless fellows had put off when they noticed the approaching storm, and had perished in the ruthless waves that cast them ashore when their souls had fled.

I married Inez. The sum paid by the companies in which Captain Shelton and his schooner were insured, enabled me to purchase a handsome bark, in which my darling and I have visited many sunny climes. As we shared peril and privation in the bitter past, so have we since shared the serene happiness which only perfect faith and love, each in the other, can engender.

## Ben Redford's Railroad.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

I was sitting one afternoon in the office of the Planter's House in St. Louis, sleepily watching the surging crowd as it swept in and out the great doors, when my attention was attracted to a group of three individuals, evidently mountain men, or trappers, who were seated near by busily engaged in discussing some, apparently, intricate question.

They were fine, stalwart-looking fellows, and appeared as though they might have passed their whole lives amid stormy scenes and desperate adventures, and as they were within easy ear-shot, and seemed to be talking no private affairs, I turned my head so as to conveniently hear what was said.

"No," one of them remarked. "You are wrong, I think, Ned. A man should never give up until his scalp is in his enemy's gristle and he is sure the life is clear out of him."

A general laugh greeted this characteristic remark, and a second one added:

"That's what I say; but that ar' times, an' we've all seen 'em, when we war as good as caved in, an' no use a-kickin'."

The third party, who had not spoken, but who was evidently the dissenting voice, was on the point of giving his view, when the first speaker interrupted.

"Let me illustrate what I mean, and then I think you'll agree with us. Did I ever tell you about the affair at Ben Redford's cabin over in the Wind River mountains?"

"No, I know'd Ben's cabin was burnt, but I never heard how," was the reply.

"Well, I will tell you."

"I was the immediate cause of the loss of our friend's little ranche, but it was a thing that couldn't well be helped, and so Ben never blamed me for it. On the contrary it was himself who saved me from a roasting."

"You know, you do, Ned, that Ben had located in a snug little valley right on the left bank of Snake river, the hut standing about fifteen paces from the water's edge, where there was a bluff, something like ten feet or more high."

"The cabin was pretty well concealed in a clump of small timber, and so far had escaped the eyes of the Sioux."

"One morning I went over to look at some traps, three or four miles distant, in a small creek, while Ben put off to try and get some fresh meat, as the larder was getting low."

"I had worked pretty well over the ground where the traps lay, I think I had one more to visit, when all at once I heard the Sioux war-whoop, and felt half a dozen arrows whiz past my head."

"They were not more than forty yards distant, ten or a dozen of them, when I started on the run for the cabin, and you better believe the race was a close one. I gained on them gradually, however, and made the cabin in time to shut and bar the door, and get to a loop-hole as they were charging down the slope of the southern hill."

"I dropped one of them in his tracks; the rest scattered and treed, and began a regular systematic siege that I knew would end in their burning the cabin over my head. I managed to keep them off as long as daylight lasted, but when it came on to be dark, I knew the game was up. I also knew that Ben must have returned, and seeing the condition of affairs, was lying off in the brush waiting to help me if a chance offered."

As it grew fully dark, I could hear the imps at work in two or three different places, piling up brushwood against the hut preparatory to applying the torch.

"It's no use to say I wasn't scared, for I was, and badly, too. A rush from the door was my only chance, and I did not consider that as very likely to lead to any good results. I would as certainly be shot down or tomahawked as I would be roasted alive if I remained within. I managed to kill one more of them as they were setting the dry timber afire, but that being accomplished they withdrew to cover, and waited for me to be smoked out."

"If ever there was a time when a man should give up, that was the time, and yet

you see that I am alive yet, and likely to remain so, I hope, for some time to come."

"In twenty minutes the hut was in flames all over, and the heat began to be unbearable. The Sioux outside were yelling and screeching like demons, the flames were roaring and leaping and the timber was cracking and splitting about my ears, altogether not the most agreeable sounds that ever beset a poor devil."

"I could stand it no longer, and determining to die rifle in hand and fighting to the last, I prepared for the rush. There was one chance in ten thousand, and I proposed to take it."

"I loosened the knife in its sheath, and stepped to the door to withdraw the bar, when amid the horrible din that was raging, I heard several loud thumps upon the floor directly under my feet, and a voice calling my name."

"For a moment I stood bewildered, and then again came the thumping from under the floor, and with it the words, 'Move the table off the trap.' I recognized Ben's voice, and still not knowing what it all meant, I sprang to the heavy slab that constituted the table, and hastily drew it on one side."

"As I did so a portion of the flooring rose, and through the cavity popped up the head and shoulders of Ben Redford."

"Quick! reach me the powder-horn, and roll the keg out in the middle of the room," he said.

"This was done, and then bidding me follow him, Ben disappeared."

"I was not long in obeying instructions, you may rest assured, and soon found myself crawling along a narrow tunnel that, in a few moments, opened out on the river in a clump of bushes that grew at the water's edge. It was under the bank, you see, and out of sight of the Indians."

"Ben was already in his canoe, where I quickly joined him, and then pushing off, we dropped silently down the stream, keeping close under the bluff."

"In about ten minutes the keg of powder in the cabin exploded, and judging from the yells, it must have done considerable execution among the savages."

Ben afterward explained that he had dug out this underground passage in anticipation of such an event as had just occurred, and had intended informing me of it, but it had slipped his mind."

"Now that is what I call holding on after all hope, even, is gone, and take my word for it, it is not the only instance of the kind on record. Let's go and take a drink, and I was left alone to think over the wonderful lives that some men lead."

Cruiser Crusoe:  
OR,  
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

ABOUT three months or more after the enlargement of my fold, and when the gazelles had been driven back to their original valley, I went one morning, with my attendant monkeys, to milk my now numerous flock, as well as to take away a fat buck for the use of the family. I always took care to slaughter those I was in want of at a great distance from their habitation, not wishing to alarm animals which I knew to be extremely sensitive.

Imagine my horror and disgust when I found the whole herd, less two, driven away to a corner of the pen, huddled up in a confused mass, from the effect of some recent terror; while on the ground in front of the inclosure were the mangled remains—and very little remains there were—of two unfortunate and very fine animals, being pecked at by some vultures.

My indignation knew no bounds. I could almost have wreaked my vengeance on the vultures, but contented myself with driving them away with switches, and examining the state of things. I examined the ground. I looked at the trail of the savage beasts which had done all this damage, and could not make them out. The vultures had torn up the ground around where the victims lay, and the rapidity with which the devastators had fled prevented their leaving sufficient marks to indicate their character.

But that which they had once done they would do again; of that there could not be the least doubt, so I revolved deeply in my own mind what was to be done. At length, after some reflection, I determined on a plan which should not only expose the true character of the robbers, but operate to their destruction and warning.

Milking my does, and, in disgust at what had occurred, neglecting to take a buck with me, I fastened Tiger and another dog in front of the pen, and went my way. The day passed wearily, so impatient was I for the night to come. Twice I visited the gazelle valley, once to see how matters were going, and once to remove the dogs, which would materially interfere with my arrangements.

At length sundown approached, and I made my preparations. Near the pen, in to which all the hungry little animals were driven, was a grove of very fine trees, to one of which a choice gazelle of the brood was attached by a cord. Some grain and leaves were placed before it, and then, well provided with ammunition, and my double

barrel loaded, I climbed into the branches. The night was dark and gloomy, but I could see round the valley for some little distance, especially as my eyes gradually got used to the gloom.

But for some time nothing came, nor even any sound, save that of the sighing of the wind. Suddenly I heard the gazelle uttering little plaintive cries, intermingled with a sort of sneeze, which was, as it were, a kind of snarl of petulance mixed with timidity. Then came, in the distance, the sullen roar of a lion. My horror may be conceived. I had not lost my respect for this mighty beast, and I do not believe, when in actual contact with him, you ever do.

With a wildly palpitating heart, I listened to the varied and lugubrious sounds of the ground below the valley. Then could be heard the heavy stamp of some animal, which I imagined was the buffalo, but which proved to be the gnu, and then the gallop of either quaggas or zebras bounding wildly on high, in order the better to snuff the air, and to make out from the scent which way the terrible enemy was coming, whose fearful voice they had heard.

Then came the screaming of the jackal, which rose shrill above the tumult, and seemed like a horrid laugh preluding the horrors of a general carnage. Then there came a dead, almost a magical silence, and nothing could be heard but the plaintive cry of the gazelle at my feet, and the rustling of the tall grass and reeds on the plain. These moments of silence were not devoid of alarm, for the huge beast might be advancing upon us with stealthy steps, to attack when least expected.

I had just determined to ascend higher in the tree, out of reach of any lion, when a longer pause than usual ensued, and I waited. Then I could hear, in the far-off distance, the rush of many feet, as of gnus, gazelles and zebras, and one majestic roar of the lion in pursuit.

My mind infinitely relieved, I was half inclined to descend from my elevation and return home; but reflecting that, at all events, in my tree I was safe, and might even on this occasion discover the real depredators, I resolved to wait. Firmly fixing myself between two large boughs, my gun was so placed that I could shoot when the thief, of whatever nature, came within a yard of the gazelle. In this position I lay peering out upon the plain.

Presently it seemed all alive; there were lions, and tigers, and zebras, and elephants, and hippopotami, and every known animal of the world, rushing about in a wild and furious stampede, which to my eyes was infinitely more ludicrous than horrible. At length they all halted, and I saw myriads of eyes of every color under the sun—green, gray, blue, black, bleared and lurid—every tint between these that can be imagined—glaring at me.

I was as fast asleep as—to use a familiar expression—a church.

And in this uncomfortable position I no doubt slept for many hours, as I afterward judged by the quick way in which the dawn appeared, after I awoke, on the horizon.

Suddenly a faint noise, I suppose, awoke me, and then I heard not only the gazelle whining and sneezing, but another sound coming across the plain.

It was a drove of hungry wolves.

My heart beat wildly. I knew well the extreme ferocity and tenacity of these fierce denizens of the forest, which, since my arrival on the island, I had never fallen on before. This mysterious appearance and reappearance of animals will be, however, strangely explained.

On came a drove of twenty, but in a scattered line; some twenty yards from the tree, some fifty, the majority a hundred. I hastily settled myself. The gazelle under the tree gave forth most heartrending sounds, and then the wolf, with a hoarse roar, bounded to within three feet of its neck.

I fired.

Back went the wolf, tottering. One or two convulsive movements, and all was over. I loaded quickly the barrel I had fired, as I remarked that the nearest wolves had halted to reconnoiter. There they now were, in a kind of circle, hideous in the breaking night, with their red tongues lolling out, and their eyes of fire gleaming in astonishment at the tree.

Then half a dozen made a plunge toward the gazelle. I fired both barrels, lamed one and quite killed another. Again they retreated; I reloaded, and again, after ten minutes, they charged the gazelle with, as it were, redoubled fury, from being restrained so long.

Two this time bit the dust; and, as if satisfied with the fearful slaughter, the rest turned tail and fled, none the less quickly that I gave a hearty view halloo.

I prepared to descend the tree, when I felt a hand placed upon my shoulder!

BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS.—The Excelsior Patent. Fires six shots per minute. Warranted to carry close and kill at 100 yards. Price \$2.50. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by Express, charges paid on receipt of price. Address EXCELSIOR GUN WORKS, Olymer, N. Y.

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## ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

This virgin page is clean and white  
And pure as maiden's thought,  
Fit tablet whereupon to write  
Some psalm from angels caught.  
On this some lover will might trace  
With trembling hand the words  
That turn to perfect melodies  
Upon love's tenderest chords.  
This page I'll not soil with an ode,  
Addressed to bats and owls,  
Nor make it bear a heavy load  
Of verses unto fowls;  
Nor blot it with a ballad on  
A dish of decent hash,  
Nor spoil it with a wall upon  
The scarcity of cash.  
Nor would I condescend to dare  
To seize a pen to write  
Upon this page so very fair  
The pleasures of a night.  
Nor use Spencerian penmanship,  
Upon its face to show  
How too much cake can give a grip  
The Masons hardly know.  
But stop! what am I doing here!  
Since I have come to think,  
I find I've got this page so fair  
All covered o'er with ink.  
Oh, sentiment with idle wings,  
What dost thou lead on to?  
See here, I've done the very things  
I said I would not do!

## Playing for a Legacy.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was the night of the first of November, 18—, and three young men were seated in a richly-appointed apartment directly over a reading-room in one of our great eastern cities.  
They were fashionably dressed and sported conspicuous gold chains and large diamond pins. To a good physiognomist the characters of the trio were easily traceable. They were blacklegs, who gambled for a livelihood, and made a good living by the nefarious occupation. But they had not assembled in that room to have a social three-handed game; they were going to plot a game by which they expected to amass thousands, and wreck one, if not two hearts on the shoals of misery.

"Read that advertisement again, Duke," said one of the young men, glancing at Duke Burchamp, who held a late daily in his hand.

"With pleasure, sir, Mr. Andre Dunbar," replied the gambler, and the next minute he was reading:

"INFORMATION WANTED.—Information is wanted at this office, of Riley Tyler, of Shropshire, county of Kent, England. He is supposed to reside in the State of New York, U. S. He, or those knowing aught of his present whereabouts, will please address the undersigned, KENT & SUFFOLK, Solicitors, No. 28 Ambrose Lane, London.

"It is as plain as the nose on a man's face," said the third gambler, Novis Parker, when Duke had finished. "The man they want can be none other than our old Riley Tyler, the cartman. He is an Englishman, and I heard him say one night that he was a Kent man. Yes, boys, the bag is in our hands, and we must pull the strings properly. You can see by that 'ad,' as pressmen say, that a legacy has been left old Tyler, and you may be sure that it runs up into the thousands, for those foreign legacies do not end in paltry hundreds. We must circumvent old Riley, and get that pile of guineas for ourselves."

"The old fellow must be disposed of somehow," said Duke, "but we must not kill him. What do you propose, boys?"

"We must get him into the madhouse," said Dunbar.

"The very place!" cried the others, simultaneously, and Duke Burchamp rose and went to a cupboard.

Opening the doors the gambler drew forth a bottle of sparkling claret, and three chased goblets which he placed on the oval table. Then breaking off the neck of the bottle in true English fashion, he filled the goblets to the brim, and slid them across the table to his companions.

"Here's to the success of our plans," he said, raising his glass.

The next instant the goblets touched polished lips, and the next they were returned empty to the table.

"Now, boys, we'll adjourn until to-morrow night, at nine," said Burchamp, rising and replacing the goblets and bottle in the cupboard.

"We must not let this golden opportunity slip through our fingers. Old Tyler's money must be ours. I care not if it breaks Olive's heart."

"Olive's, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Novis Parker, and then the trio left the room.

"Father, do come home early to-day," said Olive Tyler, one morning, three days after the event related above. "The weather is real chilly, and you are dressed very thin. Now please keep away from Aaron Coole's, and come home early."

"I will try and do both, Olive," returned Riley Tyler, striking his cowhide boots with his cart-whip.

She saw her father depart, then closed the door and busied herself in clearing away the remains of their frugal morning meal.

Five minutes had not followed the cartman's departure, when a rap sounded on the door, and opening it Olive confronted Mr. Duke Burchamp, the gambler.

He bowed her a good-morning without smiling, and stepped across the threshold at her bidding.

"Olive," he said, "you know what I told you night before last?"

"About father?—yes."

"I am deeply pained to communicate that my worst suspicions are confirmed. Yesterday, at my request, one of the best physicians examined your father and pronounced him insane. His insanity is of such a nature, too, that, at any moment, he may take human life. The doctor pronounced his immediate incarceration in the proper asylum. I came to tell you, Olive, that I shall have him conveyed thither to-day. The best care shall be taken of him, and you shall not want for any thing during his, I trust, short absence."

Thus spoke the gambler, and the tears rushed into Olive's eyes.

"Can I not go with him, Mr. Burchamp?"

"No, my dear, I am not permitted to communicate that my worst suspicions are confirmed. Yesterday, at my request, one of the best physicians examined your father and pronounced him insane. His insanity is of such a nature, too, that, at any moment, he may take human life. The doctor pronounced his immediate incarceration in the proper asylum. I came to tell you, Olive, that I shall have him conveyed thither to-day. The best care shall be taken of him, and you shall not want for any thing during his, I trust, short absence."

"My uncle Lincoln must be dead at last," he said, "and I am his only heir. He was worth, at least, a hundred thousand pounds."

Then, after a short conversation with the

she cried, "I would nurse him, and see him regain his reason."

"This impossible, Olive," answered Burchamp. "I wish your request could be complied with. Do not grieve over the present, but look ahead to a bright future. For, believe me, your father will emerge from the asylum a new man, and his desire for strong drink will have been conquered."

He rose to his feet and stepped toward the door. With his hand on the latch he uttered more consoling words, and then took his departure.

In a certain free-and-easy saloon, half an hour later, he joined his two companions.

"I broke the news to her gently, boys," he said, laughing, "and she thinks that it is all right. Now, Novis, go and hunt Tyler up, take him to Coole's and get him a bottle of the finest. He'll be raving drunk before he gets four squares. You know the papers are made out. Doctor Watkins is a first-rate chap. I half believe that we ought to share equally with him."

Novis Parker left the saloon, and found the gamblers' victim seated on a load of coal.

Already he had ingratiated himself with the cartman, and now it did not take much coaxing to persuade him to accompany him to Aaron Coole's sink of iniquity, where he purchased a bottle of liquor for his victim.

Then he left Tyler, and his associate in the hellish plot appeared on the scene. It was Andre Dunbar.

From the door of a store he saw Tyler at test his love for the liquid poison by draining the bottle while seated on the cart, when he fell off into the gutter. Rising with the aid of a lamp-post, the drunkard staggered upon the walk, and there raved as only an intoxicated man can.

But few people witnessed this scene, and they did not possess hearts of pity. It was a suspicious part of the city, and well suited to the gamblers' game.

Presently Dunbar left his position, and ran to where the Englishman lay. His hat lay in the gutter, his whip on the curbstone, and the liquorless bottle on the pavement.

The gambler raised the drunkard on his knees, and hailed a passing carriage. After some conference with the driver the carriage drove away to the Insane Asylum, and after a long drive the dread place was reached.

Armed with Doctor Watkins' certificate of Tyler's insanity, he gained admittance

young doctor, the Englishman became convinced of the gamblers' duplicity. A word with the officers of the institution gave them an insight into the plot, and they promised to release Tyler at any time.

Bidding him remain in the mad-house, as a lunatic, Yardley Morgan left his friend, determined to bring the trio of villains to justice.

Olive Tyler really loved Duke Burchamp, the gambler.

She did not know his dark character, and believed that he loved her in return, with a holy passion. Since her father's incarceration in the mad-house, he had supplied her wants with money won over the green cloth.

Immediately after their success, the gamblers addressed a letter to Kent & Suffolk, claiming that the writer was Riley Tyler, the nephew of Lincoln Tyler, of Kent.

They did not think of failure; did not dream of any thing but success.

Yardley Morgan's first action, after interviewing Tyler, was to telegraph to Kent & Suffolk the existing state of affairs, regarding the man they wanted. The solicitors answered by cable that the gamblers should not be heard.

Then Morgan went to the cartman's humble dwelling, and demanded Duke Burchamp as a villain of the deepest dye.

It was some time before Olive believed his declarations; but at last she did, and he told her that the villains' plot should not succeed.

He had scarcely ceased when Duke Burchamp entered the room. Of late he had been entering the house without knocking.

It was evident, to both Olive and the young physician, that the gambler was in ill humor; and his first words were an order to Morgan to quit the house.

The young man refused to obey.

"I shall go when it suits me," he said.

"I know you, Duke Burchamp. Are you fool enough to think that you will cheat Riley Tyler out of his legacy?"

"What!" cried the gambler, flushing with ungovernable rage. "Dare you accuse me of cheating?"

"I do," was the physician's calm reply.

"Thus I punish insulters and defamers!" cried Burchamp, and with uplifted cane he sprang upon young Morgan.

The doctor received the blow upon his left arm, while his right shot out from the shoulder.

der, and the gambler went to the floor like a lump of lead.

Before he recovered he was found, Olive assisting the doctor, and within the current hour Dunbar and Parker were also in the hands of the police. The court before which the villains were tried, had long wished to get a chance at them, and they were sent up for a good term, to the satisfaction of the law-abiding citizens of the metropolis.

From the mad-house Riley Tyler stepped, a sane man, of course, and in due time his uncle's legacy was placed in his hands. He renounced the bottle forever, and is to-day a respected citizen. The gamblers had divided rightly—the legacy was a very large sum, and with it they might have retired from the profession wealthy men.

One year later Yardley Morgan offered his heart's love to Olive Tyler, which offer the beautiful girl accepted; and amid great eclat in a splendid mansion, where the elite of the city were gathered, the happy twain were made one.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## Here Walker's Fight with the "Razor-back."

"No, siree! it ain't necessary fer a feller to tramp 'way out hyar to get into a tight place! Not by no means, fer I tell you, boyes, jest the tightest squeeze thet ever I got out of war down in ole Kaintuck; 'twas in Nelson county, one winter when my rich uncle war killin' hogs."

The speaker was our old acquaintance, Here Walker, who, as usual, had a crowd of the boys around, eagerly listening to his "recollections," of which he had an inexhaustible supply.

"Your rich uncle! Well, Here, that is a good one. Did you ever have a rich uncle?" asked one of the party, a which there was a general laugh, that apparently riled the old trapper right sharply.

"An' why the dogs shedn't I hev a rich uncle, an' aunt, an' forty-five cousins, an' a grandmother, to boot, ef I seed it fit?" he snapped out in reply. "I tell you what it ar', young feller, the Walkers war some in the'r day, now you kin depend onto thet."

"War thet 'st' up what ruined the whole tribe, an' sent me out ar'?"

"Well, well, Here," said the other, apologetically, "I was wrong. Go ahead with the story."

"I war a-thinkin' whether the ole feller hed made his will, an' what was into it, my whether his dootiful nephew, Hercules, hed been mentioned into it, when whack! went the rifle, an' then the awfulest squealin' thet ever war heard on, showed that he hed grazed the razor-back, an' that that war likely a little thunder an' lightnin' to pay right off. An' shure enough that war!"

"Them as war lookin' at the hog, said es how the critter must 'a' jumped ten feet when the bullet hit him side uv the jaw, an' a madder varmint never tore up the air in his tantrums."

"But thet uncle uv mine, the rich 'un, I means, I wish some uv ye could 'a' seen thet ole man scratch gravel!"

"Why, a scart buck war'n't a patchin' to the way he traveled fer the fence, the wounded razor-back pushin' his rear too close fer comfort."

"I seed the ole feller war bound to lose the race, an' so, hollerin' to him to take a stump, I snatched up a stickin'-knife, an' jumped over into the pen, an' put out to meet the critter half-way."

"I knowed it war goin' to be a ticklish job, fer thet hog's tusks war six inches long, ef they war a inch, an' he war mad fer keeps, you may depend."

"The ole man hed managed to git onto a stump, an' the hog war a-tryin' his darnedest to git him off, an' he would, in a minit more, when suddenly he ketcht sight uv me, an' made at me like a bald hornet."

"I tell ye, boyes, I would 'a' backed out then, but that war'n't no chance, an' so I braced up an' waited fer the nortin', foam-in' beast to make his first pass."

"An' make it he did, an' the next minit I found myself h'isted heels over head into the air, with a trip into my right leg six inches long, an' the varmint ready fer another bout es soon es I liv'."

"I couldn't stay up thar all day, an' so down I kim, expectin' every minit to be my next, but it war'n't."

"My dog, Brindle, hed come up in time to see what war a-goin' on, an' the way he lit into thet razor-back war a caution, but he didn't take hold onto the critter hed got straddle uv me, an' war actually stoopin' his cussed head down so es to get a fair swipe at my gurgular, an' thus cend the fight at on'ce. He war game, thet razor-back war, an' both me an' Brindle war badly used up afore the ole man foddered the rifle an' blowed out the critter's brains."

"Now all this may seem simple enough to some uv you young fellers, but take my word fer it, you kin tackle menny a varmint thet ain't half so bad es a wounded wild hog."

## Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I see my neighbor in misery I am not the one to double the misery by feeling miserable, too, for him, and he never has to ask me twice for money—for he knows it would do no good.

The man who floored his antagonist, completed the job by weather-beating his frame, shingling his hair, taking the beam out of his eye, and making a very plane man out of him.

I CAN never be honored too much for all that I did during the Rebellion. My blood has enriched the fields of the South, yes, in a terrible battle I had with another fellow there, my nose bled for my country, and enriched the soil to such an extent that the farmer who owns the spot wrote since and told me that field yields three hundred ears to the bushel. I was a cavalry commander there. I commanded a company of six mules, and I once charged the enemy and drove them twenty-eight miles—I have never been right certain in my mind whether it was the mules I drove or the enemy, but it was one of them.

Once, another fellow and I were sent to capture a fort. We approached and demanded a surrender, when they opened on us with grape, canister and log-chains, and my comrade retreated in twenty-eight parts. Although cut entirely into sausage-meat myself, I gathered myself up in a tub, and advanced bravely again, under such a strong kitchen-fire that I really thought I would soon be done, but the besieged saw that it was all volley to hold out against me and surrendered. Think of it, on the terrible field of Bull Run I left my—remember it, my countrymen—I left my boots, and I have never recovered from the effect of it.

The papers say they are about to reorganize Italy. For one I protest, against it! for the sake of humanity don't let them do any such a thing.

SOME men are so earnest against breaking the Sabbath by working, that they won't break any day in the week either.

ONE person joking another about his large feet, said he couldn't swear that they ever got hungry, but if he wanted a pair of boots made he would advise him to have his feet measured before dinner.

THE musketeers took their farewell banquet on me the other night, preparatory to going into winter-quarters. They picked the lock and came into my room, whistling Yankee Doodle. I got up and got a club but they took it out of my hand and broke it over the bed-post, put me into bed again, tied my hands and feet and bored me nearly to death. They made a royal meal and were so full when they flew away they looked like a fleet of those red toy balloons. They left me a mere collection of dry bones that rattled so every time I shook myself. I thought I would offer myself as endman to a minstrel troupe.

I hope I will be free now from musketo foraging expeditions.

THE best livers are not always apt to have the best lives.

WANTED, a good many able-bodied men to tend to their own business; constant employment is guaranteed, and no questions asked. People concerning themselves about my concerns are earnestly requested to take notice. The business is rather disagreeable, but it will pay.

I LOVE all the world generally, but if I should tell a young woman this singly, it would cease to be respectful, confound it!

A POLITICIAN believes that one man is just as good as another—on election-day, provided they all think he is better than any body else.

ONE armed man is good in a fight, but a two-armed man is better still.

THE man that keeps drunk from morning till night, and then, for regularity, from night till morning again, is of no earthly use in this world, only to be counted as one in the census and nothing in the sense; and I wouldn't trade a pocketful of second-hand tooth-brushes for a half a bushel of such men.

If my neighbor's chickens come over into my yard, scratching around, I make no fuss about it at all, but quietly send him the feathers.

To make crab-apple preserves, put them into a kettle, add ten pounds of sugar; bring them to a boil, and put in ten more pounds of sugar; put a stick of wood in the stove and add a crockful of sugar; chase the cat out of the cupboard and put in some more sugar; boil half an hour, then take them off and sweeten them to suit the taste.

We made some at our house, and the beauty of them is that they don't take any sugar, though you might think they would—a barrelful is more than enough for a gallon of the preserves.

A LAZY man is full of can't.

SOMETIMES when I read on a tombstone that "John Smith lies below," the question with me is how far down they want the reader's imagination to go before it stops.

THE man that scanned the scene has been judiciously arrested for scandal.

YOUNG men, don't be worried because your clothes are worn and torn; the world will always be willing for you to wear them.

If your dinner is not as long as your appetite, the world is not going to quarrel with you on that account. These are about the only things in which the world is generous.

THE man who sent me that keg of Lager Beer has my undivided thanks. I can't see any thing—and nobody can see me—without glasses. I have felt very rich ever since I got it—it is impossible to tell how wealthy I would feel if I had two kegs. That keg has a dozen hoops to keep it tight. I can keep tight without any hoops at all. How kindly it makes me feel toward the donor, and toward all mankind! I could forgive all my debtors, and my creditors, too. I don't care how my wife treats me now. I can fall down much easier than I can stand up. I fell clear down stairs and then felt patriotic enough to fall down two more. It was only fun. It makes me good on a run. I lately ran into debt and it didn't trouble me a cent.

No painter ever could draw beer as well as I can now. I am always practicing at it. I'm perfect. I may say, too, that beer draws me—it draws me into the cellar. It is a sweetness which I hope will be long drawn out. What do I care whether school keeps or not? I don't wear that old sober look I used to wear. That fellow did me a favor that would entitle him to a pension from the Government. Oh, that that keg would be like Paris and hold out, and keep in! I'll take another glass.

BEAT TIME.